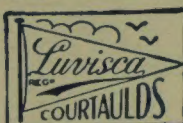


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1930.

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A TROUSERED ELEPHANT BEARING A "TOOTH" OF BUDDHA IN ITS HOWDAH: THE CHIEF FIGURE AT THE KANDY PERAHARA, A GREAT SUMMER FESTIVAL IN CEYLON.

The sacred elephant of the Dalada Maligawa (or Temple of the Tooth) is the central figure in a great annual religious festival, known as the Perahara, held every August at Kandy. In its silver howdah it carries the Tooth of Buddha, believed by devout Buddhists to be a genuine relic. Others consider that the original tooth, rescued from Buddha's funeral pyre in B.C. 543, and long preserved in India before it came to Ceylon, was destroyed by the

Portuguese in 1560, and that the present "relic" was made as a substitute. The Kandy Perahara, in which over 100 elephants, gaily caparisoned, take part, lasts five days, and is one of the sights of Ceylon. It was originally a historical pageant, commemorating the victory of a Sinhalese king, named Gajabahu, who in the second century successfully invaded India and on his return instituted a yearly festival similar to Hindu elephant processions.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE certainly need a new theory of Progress, for all existing theories about the future have a very hopeless air of being things of the past. There is even a detachable grain of truth in the doctrine of Spengler, which roughly maintains that there is no such thing as Progress, but only Progresses. That is, there is such a thing as one civilisation becoming completely civilised in its own way, and then getting out of the way to make room for a totally different civilisation. Unfortunately, every heathen seems fated to be a fatalist, and every fatalist seems fated to be a pessimist. The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone; in other words, he is pitifully cramped and crushed by the study of botany and geology. Sometimes he even passes from botany to biology, or, worse still, to anthropology. Now, in these dead or undeveloped things, it is more or less true that there is no Progress, but only Progresses. It is not easy to compare one completed phase with another; it is idle to ask whether old red sandstone is redder than greengages are green. The fossil that was and the flower that is cannot call to each other across the ages, and though there may be, in one sense, an upward spiral of evolution, it is not a spiritual spiral, or, as the Yankees would say, a live wire. There is not, in that manifest manner at least, a memory in nature; but there is a memory of mankind. Cultures do not so completely perish as the pessimists pretend. Men do own the cave-drawings of a Neolithic man, as birds do not own the fossil of a pterodactyl. Still, there is a truth in that substitution of Progresses for Progress.

The truth seems to me to be this: that men do from time to time make special efforts; those are often crowned with success, and when they are crowned with success they generally end in failure. But that leaves on one side the question of the ordinary human life, which existed before the effort and still exists after the effort. Rome made a great effort and civilised a great part of the world, and the effort was followed by the Dark Ages. But the Dark Ages were not sub-human, any more than the Roman Empire was superhuman. It has been said by historical scholars that the simplicity of the Dark Ages refreshed the world like a sleep. It is certainly true that nations can be notably vigorous and hopeful at the end of what is called a period of decline, and might more properly be called a period of neglect. Spain is far more vigorous and hopeful at this moment than many parts of the vast industrial field of what are considered successful societies. Spain made a great effort in the sixteenth century, and opened a new world of wealth and discovery; then it began to sink slowly out of sight. But Spaniards were not stupid and stunted savages in the time of Goya any more than in the time of Velasquez. Very likely the time will soon come when the Spaniards will make another effort; and for this purpose it is likely enough that their repose or retirement will have left them healthier and happier than most other people. In fact, we need a new theory or conception in history; the conception of the historical holiday. Perhaps the Dark Ages were a holiday, if they were a little like a dull and rainy holiday. But there is something to be said for a vacation, even in the literal sense of a vacuum. Anyhow, I think it extremely probable that the Spaniards will turn up again as fresh as paint, even the paint of Velasquez. They have not been so much exhausted and depressed by our dismal

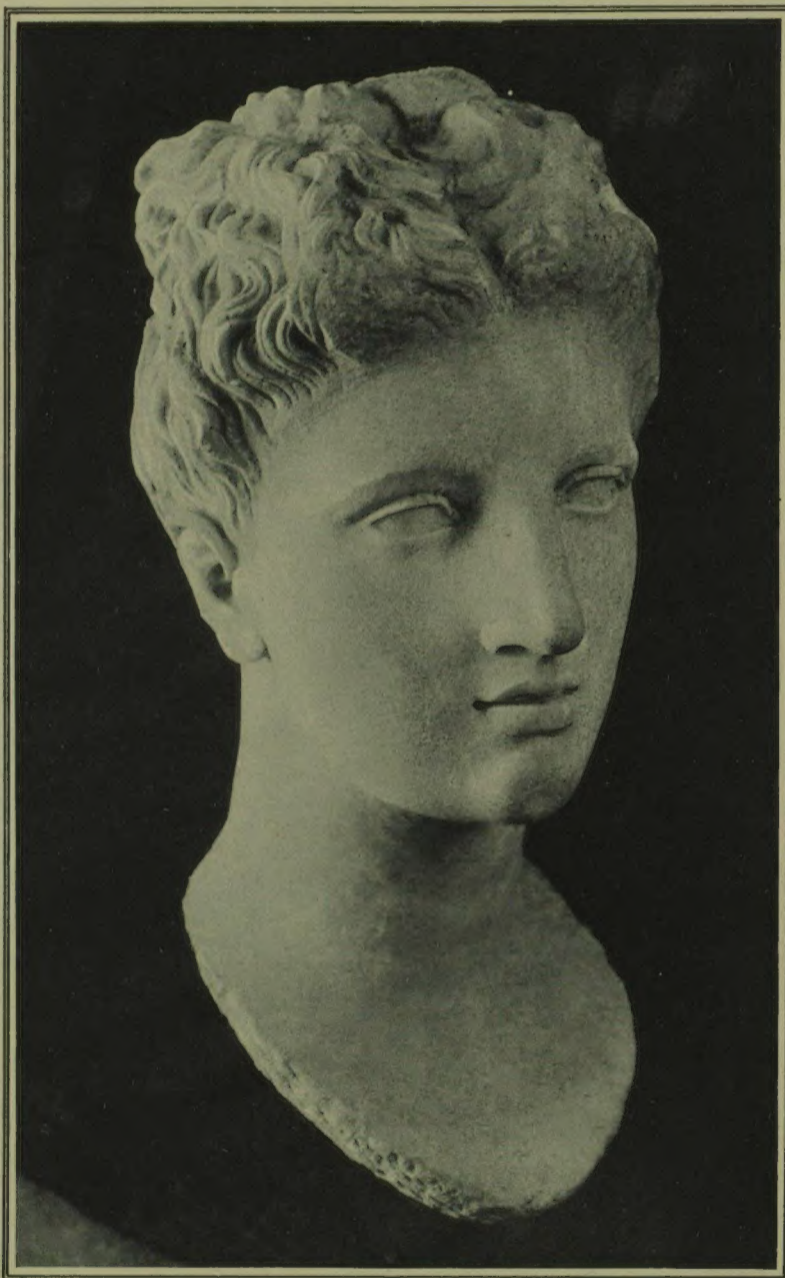
industrial materialism or our vast capitalist responsibilities. They have been refreshed and rejuvenated by a little decay; and have thoroughly enjoyed themselves for three centuries as a dying nation.

I would not insist everywhere on substituting, for the respectable old theory of the Revolution, this disturbing and dangerous theory of the Rest Cure. No doubt it might be overdone. People

growing old in order to keep up with their youth. They are wasting away to nothing, for want of a little nothing to do. If only some of their friends would persuade them to go away for a few centuries of superstition and ignorance, like the people of the Dark Ages, they might come back and astonish the world by something that the world had never seen before, like Gothic architecture or the portraits in the Canterbury Tales.

Anyhow, there is something to be said for this theory of the periodical enterprise of humanity. One advantage of it is that it resettles in a sane proportion all that question which was recently discussed here; the question of the real case for the Noble Savage and Rousseau's conception of a return to Nature. So long as scientific men merely despised savages (much more than the missionaries who were charged with despising them), the case seemed simple enough. If primitive people were always more cruel and vindictive, as well as more clumsy and ignorant, than we are, then it was possible to present a progressive humanity, which every day and in every way was growing better and better. But (as I remarked recently on this page) even the story of simple tribes is not so simple. There is evidence of simple tribes that are actually milder in their punishments than we are, or kinder to their children than we are; or at least than we very recently were. But though this upsets the whole progressive theory that we civilised people are better than the savages in all respects, it does not force us to the contrary conclusion that the savages are better than we are in all respects. It is arguable that when men marched out on a special enterprise, they had to adopt a special discipline. Civilisation might in some ways have more severe laws, because it had more serious problems. There might be harder lessons to learn, because there was more to be learned. The progressive tribe might be under martial law, while the conservative tribe was under common law. But the former might none the less be marching to the promised land.

For instance, there is a tiresome journalistic habit of fulsomely praising ourselves, and fatuously despising our fathers, because we no longer hang a man for forgery. But, as a fact, it was not an early primitive habit, but a late progressive habit, to hang a man for forgery. The law punishing forgery with death appeared quite late in our history, and was a result of our advancing civilisation. It was a highly modern sort of thing to do. For forgery did not become frightfully important until finance and commercial contracts, and banking business of all sorts, had become important. I am very glad that men are no longer hanged for forgery. But I can quite imagine a simple and artless tribe of savages among whom the habit of imitating another man's handwriting would appear as gay and innocent as making faces in imitation of another man's face. If Hiawatha wrote his name in picture-writing on the smooth bark of the birch-tree, there would be no particular harm in Chibiabos playfully copying his friend's particular way of drawing a wigwam or a rising sun. No; there is something after all in the Noble Savage; there is something at least in the Happy Savage. But that does not prove that the tribe should not sacrifice some of its happiness when the Great Spirit bids it go forth to war.



A SUPERB HEAD FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS AT BUTRINTO: A WORK BY PRAXITELES (C. 400-330 B.C.) WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI BY KING ZOGU OF ALBANIA.

This fine head, called the "Goddess of Butrinto," was found during the excavations in progress at Butrinto, in Albania, and comes from the acropolis of that place. Butrinto, it should be recalled, is identified with the ancient Buthrotum, which is thought to have been founded in the time of the Trojan War. Of it the "Britannica" notes: "It seems to have been an Illyrian or Epirote town of no great importance and not a Greek city state." By the days of Strabo it had become a Roman colony.—[By Courtesy of Dr. L. M. Ugolini.]

might go on decaying a little too long, and degenerate more than was really good for their health. I propose only a moderate indulgence in ruin; a cautious and temperate use of a return to barbarism. There are many quite modern people in whom the merest touch of decomposition, the merest *souppçon* of corruption and rottenness, would be enough to reassure me. But there are some modern people who are a great deal too modern; who are quite certainly devouring and destroying themselves with the nonsense of novelty, and trying always to hear of something later than the very latest. They are visibly

THE EVACUATION OF ST. KILDA: ISLAND TYPES; AND SCENES OF DEPARTURE.



THE "MAIN STREET" OF ST. KILDA'S ONLY VILLAGE—NOW ABANDONED.



A ST. KILDA WOMAN SELLING HOMESPUN TWEED.



A WOMAN OF ST. KILDA SELLING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS.



LEAVING THEIR ISLAND HOME FOR THE LAST TIME: NATIVES OF ST. KILDA EMBARKING IN A SMALL BOAT FOR THE "HAREBELL" (SEEN LYING IN THE BAY) FOR THEIR FINAL VOYAGE TO THE MAINLAND.



HEAVILY LADEN WITH A BOX ON HER BACK: A ST. KILDA WOMAN, WITH OTHER ISLANDERS, BRINGING THEIR BAGGAGE TO THE VILLAGE JETTY TO EMBARK FOR THE MAINLAND—(IN BACKGROUND) AN OLD SPINNING-WHEEL.



TYPICAL INHABITANTS OF ST. KILDA IN THE VILLAGE STREET.



A WOMAN OF ST. KILDA OUTSIDE HER HOME.



A BOY FROM ST. KILDA SELLING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS.



EMBARKING THEIR FLOCKS TO BE SOLD AT OBAN: ST. KILDA ISLANDERS PUTTING SHEEP ABOARD A BOAT FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE S.S. "DUNARA CASTLE."



DIFFICULTIES IN THE EMBARKATION OF CATTLE FROM ST. KILDA FOR TRANSPORT TO THE MAINLAND: ONE OF THE SIX COWS ON THE ISLAND THAT HAD TO SWIM OUT FROM THE JETTY TO THE STEAMER, TOWED BY A ROPE FASTENED TO THE STERN OF A SMALL BOAT.

The lonely island of St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, for many centuries the home of a small community cut off from civilisation for eight months of every year, has now been finally evacuated. The islanders, whose man-power had dwindled of late, appealed to be transferred to the mainland, and they have been given new homes in Argyllshire, under the care of the Scottish Board of Agriculture. The last phase of the evacuation took place on August 29, when the remaining 33 inhabitants were removed in the Admiralty sloop "Harebell," a fisheries cruiser. No one was allowed to remain on the island, and it was left entirely uninhabited, for the first time, it is said, in a thousand years. That evening the

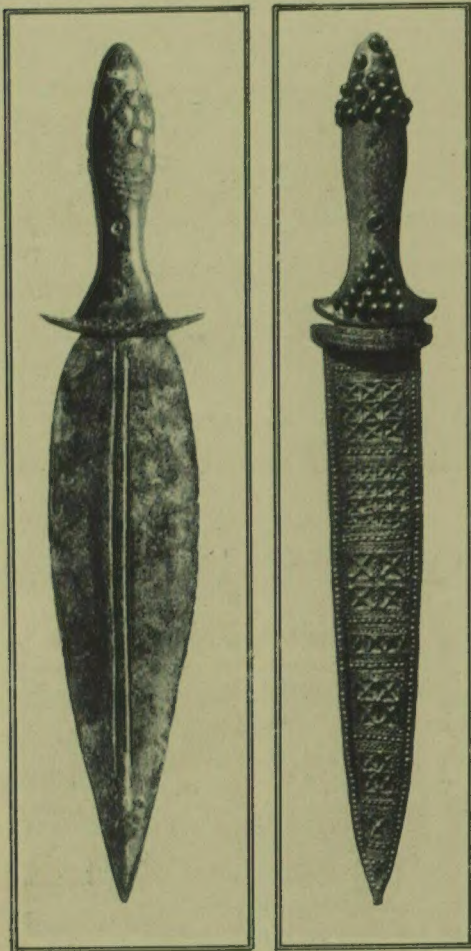
"Harebell" steamed into Lochaline Bay, and the St. Kildans, who appeared to be in high spirits, received a rousing welcome from future neighbours on the Ardtornish Estate. It was arranged that their livestock should be sold at Oban on September 4. The animals, which included hundreds of sheep and ten head of cattle, left St. Kilda, on August 27, in the S.S. "Dunara Castle," a Glasgow ship. The islanders' belongings consisted mainly of wooden chests, pieces of furniture, querns, and spinning-wheels. On the last mail day from St. Kilda busy scenes occurred at the village post-office, where passengers from the "Dunara Castle" gathered to procure relics, and many pieces of homespun woollen goods were bought.

A PRELUDE TO THE PERSIAN ART EXHIBITION: BRONZES.

REMARKABLE "FINDS" FROM LURISTAN: SPLENDID OLD BRONZE-WORK.

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, Adviser in Art to the Persian Government, a Director of the International Exhibition of Persian Art, etc.

In view of the fact that there is to be a great International Exhibition of Persian Art at the Royal Academy in January and February of next year, an Exhibition which will, at least, rival, and may surpass, those



1. "CERTAIN PIECES HAVE CLOSE RESEMBLANCES TO SUMERIAN OBJECTS": A LURISTAN DAGGER, WITH DISK INCRUSTATIONS ON THE HILT AND A HOLE FOR A CORD BY WHICH TO HANG IT FROM THE GIRDLE (LEFT); AND A GOLD DAGGER FROM UR, FOR COMPARISON WITH IT.

The Luristan Dagger by Courtesy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Dagger from Ur by Courtesy of the British Museum Quarterly.

devoted to the Dutch, the Belgian, and the Italian Masters, we began last week the publication of a series of illustrated articles which will act as a Prelude to the enterprise in question, and will certainly add to the knowledge of many of those who will, in due time, be drawn to Burlington House. Then we dealt with a phase of architecture—some aspects of Persian mosques. Now we are concerned with the remarkable bronzes found recently in Luristan. Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, the author, who is a Director of the Exhibition, an honour he shares with Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., is Adviser in Art to the Persian Government, Adviser in Persian Art to the Pennsylvania Museum, and Advisory Curator of Near-Eastern Art in the Art Institute of Chicago, and he has in preparation a Survey of Persian Art.

THE outstanding archaeological event of the year has been the discovery of a series of bronzes in Luristan, a mountainous province of Western Persia, between Hamadan and Baghdad. The finest examples are of remarkable beauty. They exhibit a combination of naturalism and conventionalisation, a vivid and sensitive realism embodied in a vigorous and ingenious decorative idiom. But their historical importance outruns their beauty, for, in a way, they constitute a long-sought linkage between the various early arts of Western Asia, and they indicate relations and cultural interchanges that have been suspected, but not hitherto substantiated. A few puzzling isolated specimens of these bronzes were already known. There were several pieces in the British Museum, the Berlin Museum, the Louvre, and the Musée Guimet, and three years ago one man found twenty-five pieces; but there was insufficient material for any confident judgment concerning either their meaning or their date.

The new examples came to light with dramatic suddenness, not as the result of any organised archaeological expedition, but as the accidental finds of local tribesmen. Early in March a few pieces appeared in the bazaars of Kermanshah, where they brought a few shillings each. The more astute dealers recognised that they had hold of something of unusual interest. A little competition sent prices swiftly up and brought down from the mountains a deluge of specimens until, by the middle of June, fully 1200 pieces had been delivered. Then the supply ceased from this locality, although a few further finds have been made in outlying districts. The dealers were dependent on what the tribesmen brought in, as the region is not safe for travellers. The Lurs are the most unruly of all the mountaineers of Persia. They like to think of themselves as a free and independent people. They have their own language and customs, resenting authority and interference. Intruders into the country are as fair game as the mountain sheep.

A few dealers ventured up to the edge of the country to bargain for better prices, and some sent agents with Lur connections further into the mountains. One young Teheran antiquaire named Rabenou, intent on clearing up the mystery and getting at the sources, audaciously addressed himself directly to the principal tribesman, a person of formidable, not to say terrifying, reputation. Reaching headquarters, dangerously burdened with cash, he persuaded the chieftain that he was a golden goose, more profitable alive than dead. He was made welcome from both chivalrous and economic motives, and for two months was provided with a Lur escort, and travelled through the entire country, examining all the conditions of the find. It is to his courage and intelligence that we owe our most dependable information.

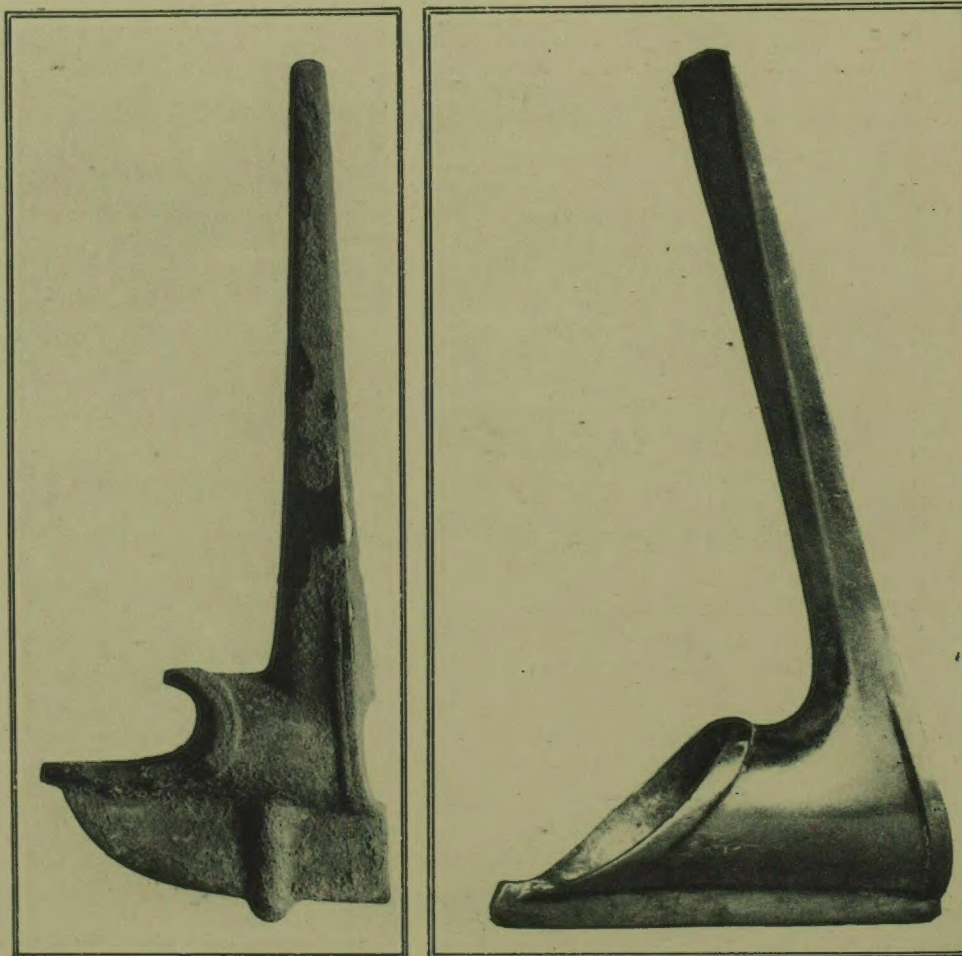
The bronzes came, not from one find, but from a number of centres scattered through a wide area. The most important were Harsin, Kakavand, Awlad Qubad, Mumivand, and Tarhan. At Harsin there are many springs, and traces of an important city and a fortress with heavy walls. At Kakavand, Awlad Qubad, and Mumivand there were many tombs, and indications of smaller settlements. Tarhan seems to have been originally the largest city of all, and it was there that the most important finds were made, especially of fine vessels and statuettes, including one of silver. Each cemetery contained several hundred graves, and perhaps half of them yielded bronzes, generally two or three pieces each, occasionally five or six. The cemeteries seem to have been somewhat specialised. Some apparently contained soldiers, since most of the bodies were buried with arms and had no ornaments. In other cemeteries there were no arms, but there were personal ornaments; while in still others, also without arms, there were spoons, ladles, and large roasting-forks. One skeleton which has been examined was of an unusually

tall man. The skull is now on its way to Europe. The graves were of simple construction—four walls and a roof made of natural stone slabs, so shallow that often traces appeared above ground. Most of the bodies were doubled up, lying on the side or, in some cases, sitting up with the hands on the knees. Occasionally two or three persons were buried in a single grave, while in a small proportion horses were interred with their masters, decked with bits and harness ornaments. These graves were double in size, but there was no partition between the bodies, and in a number of them the horse's head lay on the man's arm, while in some cases the arm actually embraced the head. A few graves included also chariot fittings. The women's bodies were crowded into large terra-cotta jars. In addition to the bronzes, in some graves there was pottery of various forms, often with painted animal figures. In a few graves there were still traces of textiles, disintegrated shreds which the amateur native diggers could not remove. A few stone objects also were found—for example, a small carving of a bird in hard black stone, a crouching bear in soap-stone, and an egg of highly-polished agate, all now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The weapons from the "soldiers' graves include daggers of various shapes (Fig. 1), a few entirely in iron; battle-axes of widely varying form; *casse-têtes*, sometimes spiked; and adzes and picks which may have been tools rather than pole arms (Fig. 2). There are a number of whetstone handles (Figs. 14, 15), occasionally with the original stones in them. The personal ornaments consist of a large number of bracelets (Figs. 18 and 19), some delicate, some heavy, mostly decorated with animal forms; a very few twisted neck-rings; long pins, some decorated with animals, some with varying knobs, and one at least with carnelian; and many ear-rings and other rings, possibly for the fingers.

Among the horse trappings the outstanding objects are very ornate bits. Many of these were actually found in the horses' mouths. They are of three forms: with a straight mouth-bar; with a mouth-bar curved in a low arch in the middle; or with a mouth-bar linked in the middle. Most of them are very heavy, but they are provided with two rings on each cheek plaque, clearly for straps to pass over the horse's nose to carry the weight. There are also pegs on the inside, evidently intended

(Continued on page 418.)



2. FOR COMPARISON: AN ADZE-HEAD FROM LURISTAN (LEFT); AND AN ADZE-HEAD FROM UR WHICH IS PARALLEL TO IT.

The Luristan Adze-head by Courtesy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Adze-head from Ur by Courtesy of the British Museum Quarterly.

FROM HORSES BURIED WITH THEIR MASTERS: LURISTAN BRONZES.

Nos. 4, 7, 8, 9, AND 10 BY COURTESY OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. THE REMAINDER BY COURTESY OF MR. ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.



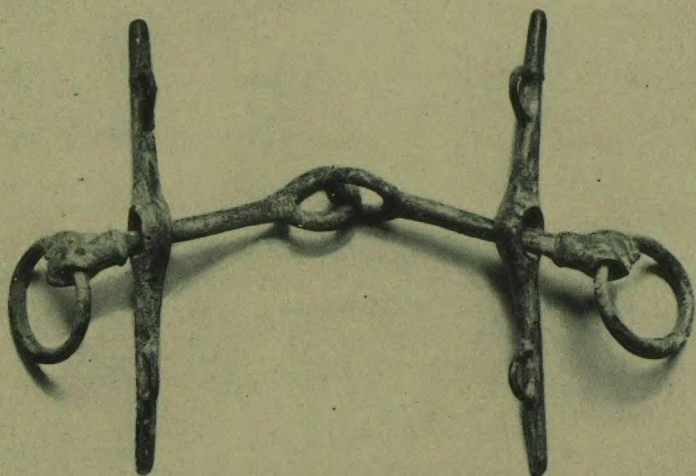
3. THE EARLIEST KNOWN FORM OF PEGASUS: ONE OF THE RECENTLY FOUND LURISTAN BRONZES WHICH "CONSTITUTE A LONG-BOUGHT LINKAGE BETWEEN THE VARIOUS EARLY ARTS OF WESTERN ASIA."



4. A UNIQUE PIECE FROM THE SERIES OF LURISTAN BRONZES: A LARGE PLAQUE FROM A HORSE'S BIT; SHOWING A PRIMITIVE MAN STRUGGLING WITH "EVIL" CONFRONTED LIONS.



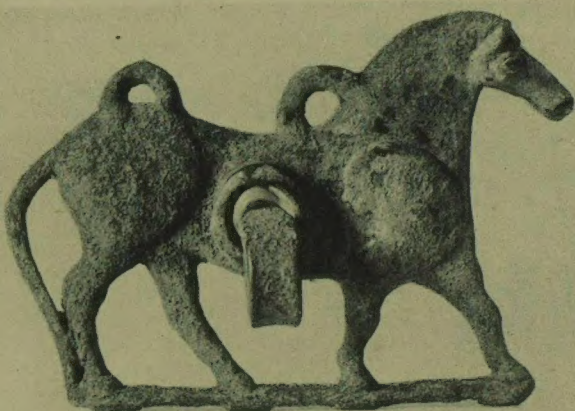
5. A BIT-END: A PIECE FORMED OF A WINGED BULL AND NOTEWORTHY FOR ITS SUGGESTION OF THE PRIDE OF LIGHTNESS AND SPEED CONVEYED BY THE ARTIST.



6. A PIECE THAT SHOWS SIGNS OF MUCH USE: A BIT WITH A LINKED MOUTH-BAR DECORATED WITH CLOSED HANDS; ONE OF THE MANY KINDRED EXAMPLES FOUND.



7. DECORATED WITH WINGED IBEX: A HORSE'S BIT FROM LURISTAN; SHOWING THE RINGS FOR THE REINS TURNED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, AS ON SCYTHIAN BITS.



8. A BIT-END; SHOWING A HORSE OF A LONG-NOSED TYPE FOUND IN EARLY CAUCASIAN AND SIBERIAN ART.



9. A BIT-END; SHOWING A DOUBLE-HEADED BULL, A MOTIVE THAT PERSISTS IN THE LURISTAN BRONZES.



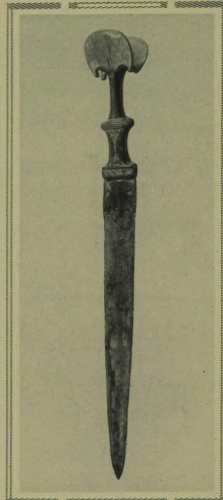
10. A BIT-END; SHOWING A WINGED SPHINX WITH A BULL HEAD-DRESS, AND AN ENGRAVED WHEEL MOTIF.

Discussing the discovery of a remarkable series of bronzes in Luristan, a mountainous province of Western Persia, between Hamadan and Baghdad, Mr. Arthur Upham Pope calls particular attention to the trappings of horses which were buried with their masters. He writes: "Occasionally two or three persons were buried in a single grave; while, in a small proportion, horses were interred with their masters, decked with bits and harness ornaments. These graves were double in size, but there was no partition between the bodies, and in a number of them the horse's head lay on the man's arm, while in some cases the arm actually embraced the head. A few graves included also chariot fittings. . . . Among the horse trappings the outstanding objects are very ornate bits. Many

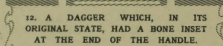
of these were actually found in the horses' mouths. They are of three forms: with a straight mouth-bar, with a mouth-bar curved in a low arch in the middle, or with a mouth-bar linked in the middle. Most of them are very heavy, but they are provided with two rings on each cheek plaque, clearly for straps to pass over the horse's nose to carry the weight." The pieces, he adds, indicate that interments extended over a long period. "A sequence of them shows, first, a gradual conventionalisation and loss of character, and then what is apparently a subsequent naturalistic revival in the direction of a very sophisticated and perfectly controlled art; quite the usual cycle. But throughout these changes certain motives persist." It is not yet possible to date the "finds."

REVELATORY "FINDS" IN ANCIENT PERSIAN WHOSE HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE

ALL, EXCEPT NOS. 18 AND 23, BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS. NOS. 18 AND 23 BY COURTESY OF MR. ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.



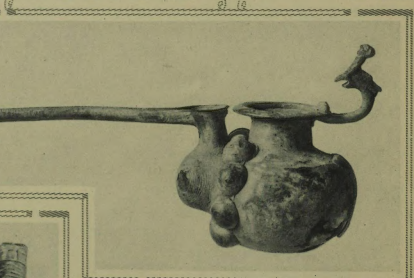
11. FIVE EXAMPLES OF THE BRONZES DISCOVERED THIS YEAR IN LURISTAN: THE TOP OF A CEREMONIAL OBJECT WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY MOUNTED ON A BOTTLE-SHAPED BASE—SHOWING CONFRONTED LIONS (LEFT); AND AN AXE-HEAD DECORATED WITH A LION-MASK AND HAVING AN ARROW INDICATING THE SWEEP OF THE BLOW.



12. A DAGGER WHICH, IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE, HAD A BONE INSET AT THE END OF THE HANDLE.



13. PINS ORNAMENTED WITH VERY FINELY MODELLED ANIMAL FORMS—THE DEER AND EXCEPTIONAL IN POSE FOR STYLE.



14. A VESSEL WHOSE USE HAS NOT BEEN DETERMINED—PERHAPS A LIBATION CUP: A PIECE DECORATED WITH DELICATELY INCISED SPIRALS.



15. A BRACELET WITH LION-MASKS RESEMBLING EARLY FORMS OF THE CHINESE TAO TIEN SYMBOL.



16. A HEAVY BRACELET FROM THE SERIES OF LURISTAN BRONZES: A PIECE WITH POWERFUL LION-MASKS.

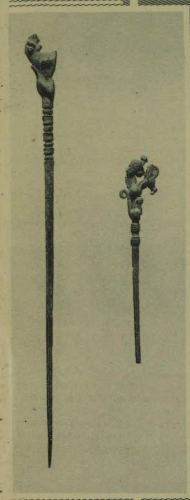


17. A PIN WHICH MAY BE A CHARIOT ORNAMENT (LEFT); A PIN UNIQUE AMONG THE "FIRDS" BY REASON OF ITS DELICATE LOW RELIEF OF CRANES AND ROSETTES (CENTRE); AND A "TOOL" WITH A RING FOR A CORD ATTACHED TO A GIRDLE—POSSIBLY AN AWL.

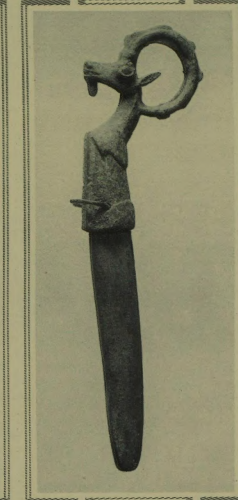
The remarkably interesting bronzes illustrated on these pages and the two preceding them were collected—many of them in most romantic circumstances—in Luristan. Concerning the "firds" as a whole, Mr. Arthur Upham Pope writes: "The finest examples are of remarkable beauty. They exhibit a combination of naturalism and conventionalism, a vivid and sensitive realism embodied in a vigorous and ingenious idiom. But their historical importance outruns their beauty, for, in a way, they constitute a long-sought linkage between the various early arts of Western Asia, and they indicate relations and cultural interchanges that have been suspected, but not hitherto substantiated. . . . The bronzes came, not from one find, but from a number of centres scattered through a wide area. . . . Each cemetery contained several hundred graves, and perhaps half of them yielded bronzes, generally

GRAVES: BRONZES FROM LURISTAN OUTRUNS EVEN THEIR BEAUTY.

ALL, EXCEPT NOS. 18 AND 23, BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS. NOS. 18 AND 23 BY COURTESY OF MR. ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.



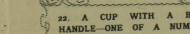
18. A HORSE'S HEAD-ORNAMENT DECORATED WITH CONVENTIONALISED IBEX, MASKS OF PRIMITIVE MEN, AND GOOSE-HEADS (TOP); A WHETSTONE-HANDLE, WITH A LION ATTACKING AN IBEX (LEFT); AND AN AXE-HEAD DECORATED WITH A LION-MASK—THE HAFT SHOWING A DECORATIVE SURVIVAL OF AN EARLIER THONG-ROUND TYPE.



19. A WHETSTONE AS FOUND IN ONE OF THE LURISTAN GRAVES; SET IN AN IBEX-HEAD HANDLE.



20. A BRONZE, FROM A GRAVE IN LURISTAN, WHICH SHOWS A PRIMITIVE MAN STRUGGLING WITH SERPENTS.



21. A HARNESS-RING WITH OPEN-MOUTHED LIONS LIKE THOSE OF A SYRIAN BRONZE OF 2000-1500 B.C.

personal ornaments; while in still others, also without arms, there were spoons, ladles, and large roasting-forks." Certain of the decorative motives throw light on pre-Zoroastrian religion. The date of the objects has not yet been decided—estimates vary as widely as 2000 B.C. and A.D. 200. It is important to note: "The experts and the general public will have ample opportunity to decide this problem for themselves at the forthcoming Persian Exhibition, as practically all the finest pieces will be shown there; and . . . examples will be juxtaposed with related pieces from other cultures."



22. A CUP WITH A BIRD HANDLE—ONE OF A NUMBER FOUND.



23. A CONFRONTED ANIMALS FROM THE TOP OF A CEREMONIAL OBJECT; ORIGINALLY MOUNTED ON A BOTTLE-SHAPED BASE.



24. A CONFRONTED ANIMALS FROM THE TOP OF A CEREMONIAL OBJECT; ORIGINALLY MOUNTED ON A BOTTLE-SHAPED BASE.

two or three pieces each, occasionally five or six. The cemeteries seem to have been somewhat specialised. Some contained apparently soldiers, since most of the bodies were buried with arms and had no ornaments. In other cemeteries there were no arms, but there were personal ornaments; while in still others, also without arms, there were spoons, ladles, and large roasting-forks." Certain of the decorative motives throw light on pre-Zoroastrian religion. The date of the objects has not yet been decided—estimates vary as widely as 2000 B.C. and A.D. 200. It is important to note: "The experts and the general public will have ample opportunity to decide this problem for themselves at the forthcoming Persian Exhibition, as practically all the finest pieces will be shown there; and . . . examples will be juxtaposed with related pieces from other cultures."

"A MURDER-MYSTERY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE TRAGEDY OF KIRK O' FIELD": By MAJOR-GENERAL R. H. MAHON, C.B., C.S.I.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

UPON his retirement from the Army after the war, Major-General Mahon devoted himself to an investigation of the Gunpowder Plot in Kirk o' Field, which resulted in the death of Darnley. Two preliminary

She was only too glad to be rid of him, for, besides having a grievance of her own against him, she was madly in love with Bothwell.

This is the construction usually placed upon the events. Now let us see how General Mahon interprets them.

His theory is that there were two plots—a plot within a plot, and that in the original and more important of the two, Mary had no hand whatever—and for a good reason; it was her life that the conspirators sought, not her husband's, and it was he who plotted the murder, not she: a complete reversal of the rôles that history has assigned to them.

The first thing General Mahon sets out to do is to reconstruct the scene of the tragedy, with special reference to the disposal of the gunpowder. For this purpose he made four models of the buildings of Kirk o' Field—photographs of which are reproduced in the book—as they appeared before and after the explosion. Darnley's bed-

room was directly above the Queen's; and it has been generally supposed that the gunpowder was put, with her connivance, into her bed-room, as being the best site for the explosion. On the evening of the catastrophe, the

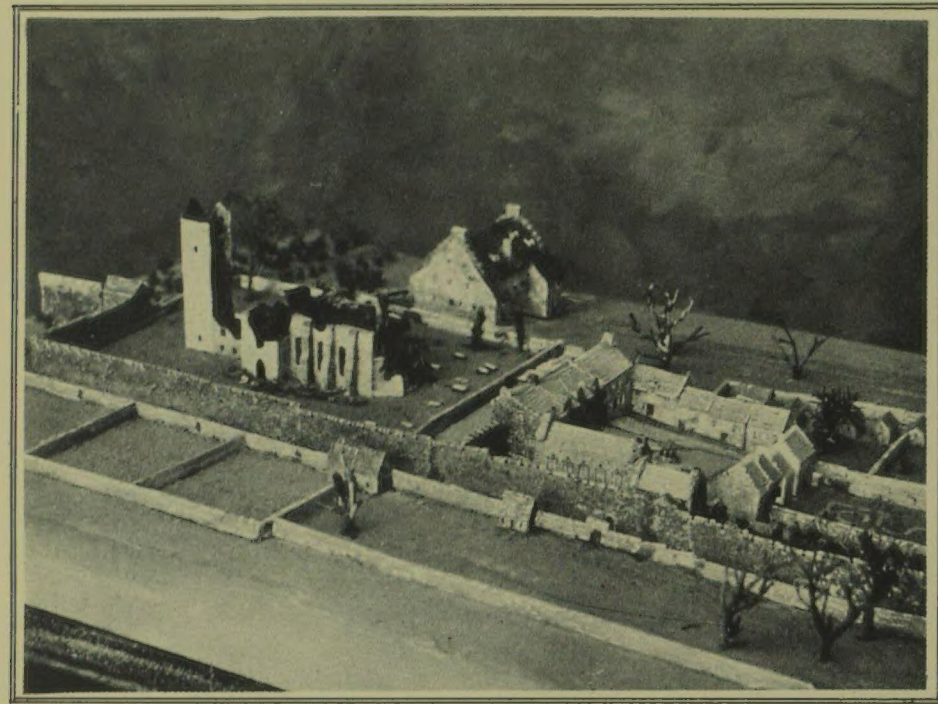
marked by the explosion. Writing in 1819, Laing declared that, "as the question of gunpowder is now better understood, it is admitted that, from the intervention of the floor and bedding, their (Darnley, and Taylor, his servant) bodies were thrown out untouched by the explosion . . . if they had fallen upon water, their lives might have been preserved." General Mahon's comment is trenchant. "If by some miracle," he says, "Darnley's body had been deposited uninjured in the garden, it would require a super-miracle to do the same for Taylor; but when a pair of slippers and some clothes were found lying conveniently beside their owner, there is no adjective sufficiently eloquent to describe that miracle." The evidence for the clothes is to be found in "the picture" made in 1567 for the use of the Commissioners; it displays a number of objects, some of them very difficult to identify.

According to at least two other accounts, however, Darnley was not blown up at all; he was strangled by the sleeves of his shirt. And this version of his death General Mahon accepts, although he gives it an entirely new significance.

He disposes of the theory that the conspirators murdered Darnley and carried his body outside the house before they blew it up. Why, if their object was to kill him, should they blow up the house when that object had been already accomplished, and draw attention to themselves? There is another theory, and a more plausible one. When Darnley looked out and saw his enemies coming (the position of his room allowing him to do this), he let himself down from a window, hoping he would be unobserved and make good his escape. But, says General Mahon, if he was in such a desperate hurry, would he have had time to take with him a whole host of personal belongings? And could he have got away without awakening the men who were sleeping in the passage through which he had to go? Moreover, why did he run away at all? The place was easily defensible; he had six men with him, and the doors were presumably locked and the keys in them.

General Mahon decides that when Darnley left Kirk o' Field, he was neither carried out nor blown out, nor was he seeking to escape his enemies. He left "of his own motion," at a time chosen by himself. He went away because he imagined that the Queen was returning, that she and her retinue would in a few moments be talking together in the Salle, with the slow match burning below them and the room ready to go up.

Everyone agrees that Darnley was capable of any treachery. He was ambitious; he had many grievances against his wife, not the least being that she had withheld from him the "Crown Matrimonial." He was a strong Catholic and Mary was (General Mahon maintains) a luke-



BEFORE THE EXPLOSION: MAJOR-GENERAL MAHON'S SCALE MODEL OF THE KIRK O' FIELD AS IT WAS ON FEBRUARY 9, 1567, SHOWING THE SALLE (NEARER SIDE OF QUADRANGLE) WHICH WAS BLOWN UP THAT NIGHT.

"This illustration shows clearly the 'Salle' between the Old House and the new Provost's house, the gallery on the Flodden wall which was part of the Old House, and the postern gate in the wall between the Old House and the Salle. The large building north of the church . . . was occupied by Sir James Balfour (the chief culprit, according to General Mahon). The church of St. Mary, Kirk o' Field, is shown in the ruinous condition in which it had been left by the enthusiasts of the Reformation in 1558." General Mahon's book contains a plan of Kirk o' Field, indicating the various buildings.

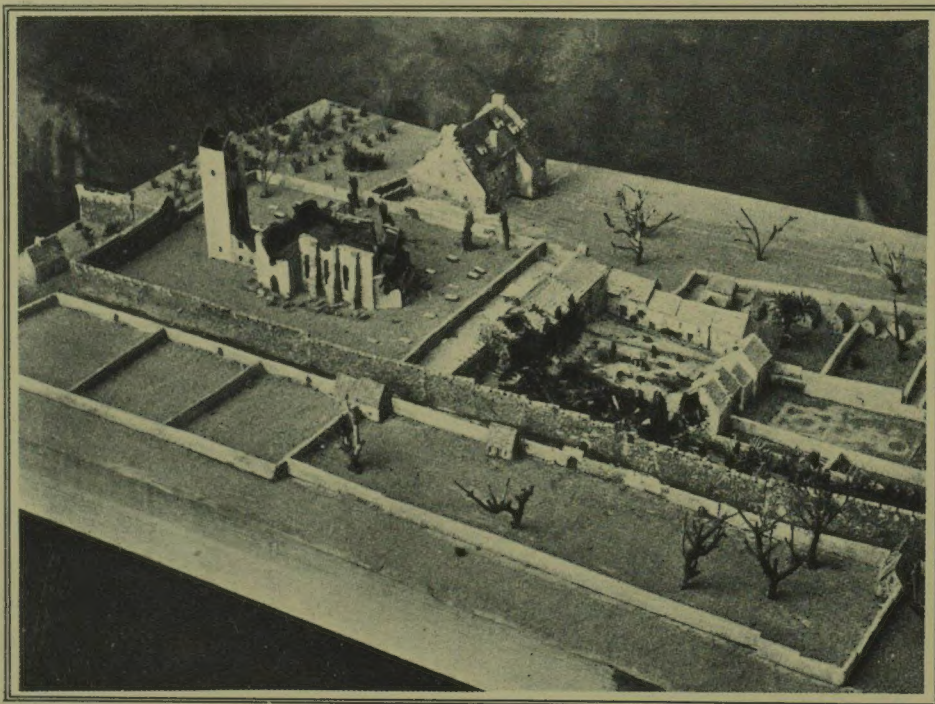
volumes, one "a free rendering into Scots" of Buchanan's "De Maria"; the other, "Mary Queen of Scots: a Study of the Lennox Narrative in the University Library at Cambridge," were published in 1923 and 1924. And now, embodying General Mahon's conclusions and the fruit of his researches, we have the last volume of the trilogy, "The Tragedy of Kirk o' Field."

It is a piece of historical detective work, closely reasoned and argued, and based not only on the better-known authorities, but on sources of information derived from Germany, France, and Italy which have hitherto been little used. It is a book that anyone can read with interest, and that lovers of detective fiction will find more absorbing than their favourites; but for a proper appreciation of its historical importance the reader will require a knowledge of the subject comparable to the author's. The solution suggested by General Mahon has never been even put forward before; it is completely subversive of the accepted theory, and will certainly be questioned, if not denied. And, alas! General Mahon will not be able to defend his thesis, for, simultaneously with its publication, he died.

The official story, vouched for by the Commission held in England, and still accepted by some, is that on the night of Sunday, Feb. 9, 1567, when Darnley was asleep in the house at Kirk o' Field, gunpowder was poured into the Queen's Chamber (the room below his own) and exploded there about two o'clock in the morning. His body and that of his servant were flung out by the explosion, and came to rest at a point about forty feet from the house. The conspirators were few in number, and Bothwell was their leader.

These were the circumstances of the crime. The motive was as follows: Mary had never forgiven Darnley his part in the murder of Riccio eleven months before. Darnley was a strong Catholic, with a claim (through his mother) to the thrones both of Scotland and England. He was as obnoxious to the great Protestant nobles, Moray, Argyll, and the rest, on political and religious grounds, as he was hateful to Mary for more personal reasons. She connived at his murder, and was an accomplice of the conspirators. Darnley had been lying ill in Glasgow. Feigning reconciliation, Mary went there to fetch him. The place originally intended for the last days of his convalescence was Craigmillar; this was unaccountably altered to Kirk o' Field. His stay was to be brief: on the Monday he was to move to Holyrood, there to enjoy a new term of conjugal happiness. Sunday was Carnival Sunday, a day of holiday and rejoicing. Mary spent it with Darnley, masked for the revels. At eleven o'clock at night she suddenly remembered she must attend some celebrations following a wedding, and returned to Holyrood, leaving her husband to his fate.

* "The Tragedy of Kirk o' Field." By Major-General R. H. Mahon, C.B., C.S.I. (Cambridge University Press; 16s. net.)



AFTER THE EXPLOSION: MAJOR-GENERAL MAHON'S SCALE-MODEL OF KIRK O' FIELD AS IT APPEARED WHEN THE "SALLE" (SEEN AS BLACKENED RUINS) WAS BLOWN UP ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 9, 1567.

General Mahon's theory, reversing the usual explanation, is that the explosion resulted from a plot by Darnley to kill Queen Mary, not a plot—in which she was an accomplice—to kill Darnley; and that Darnley was strangled in the garden, while escaping just before the explosion, by emissaries of Bothwell, who had discovered the plot and warned Mary. In a note on this illustration, we read: "An 'aeroplane' view of the scene of the tragedy from the S.S.W., after the explosion. It shows . . . the trees under one of which Darnley's body was found."

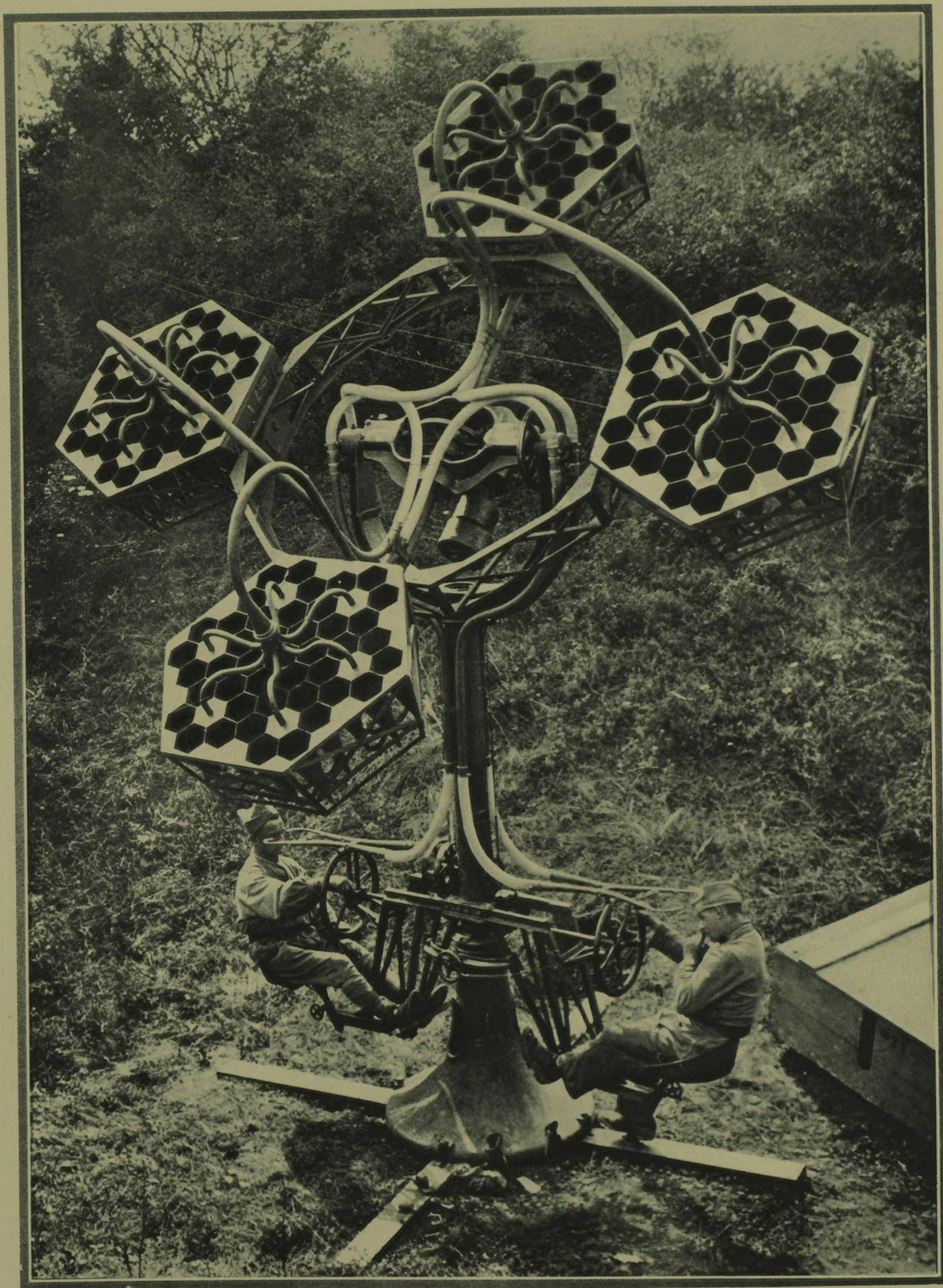
Both Illustrations Reproduced from "The Tragedy of Kirk o' Field." By Major-General R. H. Mahon. By Courtesy of the Publishers, The Cambridge University Press.

Again, the official account of the finding of the bodies is most unconvincing. They had been blown up, had travelled forty feet through the air, and yet were not

warm one, a disappointment alike to Philip II. and to Pius V. Her religious policy was too moderate; the most she aimed at was to give Catholics and Protestants in Scotland an equal standing. At the beginning of her reign she had been more fervent; but now, feeling the

(Continued on page 420.)

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: GIANT "EARS" OF AN AIR FORCE.



LISTENING TO THE APPROACH OF DISTANT AIRCRAFT AND RECORDING THEIR POSITION: A NEW SOUND-DETECTOR USED RECENTLY AT THE FRENCH AERIAL MANŒUVRES.

Among the Symbols of Our Time—a heading under which we have illustrated at intervals various new mechanical inventions and wonders of modern engineering—may appropriately be included this photograph of a remarkable apparatus that is highly symbolic of the Air Age in which we live. It is described as a new sound-detecting device which was brought into use at the French Aerial Manœuvres, and it is said to register the sound of engines at

a distance of twenty miles, giving the exact position and altitude of the approaching aircraft. The novelty of the machine, no doubt, consists in its peculiar form and the details of its construction, for instruments of a different shape have been used before for similar purposes. At an anti-aircraft demonstration in America was shown an "Aero-detector" resembling four gigantic trumpets, or loud-speakers, mounted on a wheeled platform.

THE RUNNING GAIT OF AFRICAN GAME: STRANGE ANTICS OF THE GNU.



"THE IMMENSE FUN OF WATCHING FROM NEAR AT HAND THE POISE AND ALERTNESS OF FAST-MOVING WILD ANIMALS IN THE OPEN": A HERD OF GNU (SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN WILDEBEEST) JUMPING AND SCAMPERING, HEAD DOWN—ANIMALS THAT USUALLY RESORT TO THE HOT AND SHADELESS PLAINS AND OPEN BUSH.



WITH GROTESQUE OX-LIKE HEAD, HIND-QUARTERS LIKE A HORSE, AND FINE "ANTELOPE" LEGS: A FAST-RUNNING GNU.



"ONE OF THE FINEST SIGHTS IN AFRICA": A HERD OF GNU GOING AT FULL GALLOP AND RESEMBLING BUFFALO EXCEPT FOR THE THIN LEGS.



"THE MOST AMUSING ANIMAL TO WATCH, FOR IT WILL CUT SOME FUNNY CAPERS AS IT SCAMPERS ERRATICALLY OVER THE PLAIN": A HERD OF GNU—A CURIOUS SPECIES IN WHICH THE SPREAD OF THE HORNS MEASURES UP TO 26 INCHES, AND DIFFERS FROM THAT OF THE BUFFALO.

The interesting photographs given on this and the opposite page, which illustrate the running movements of wild game, were taken by Mr. Hans Seligo, who has travelled widely in South, East, and Central Africa. "Even a professional big-game hunter," he writes, "who has kept heart and mind open to the magic beauty of the unspoiled lonely life of bush and steppe, may—when face to face with a wild beast and certain to kill—suddenly drop his rifle and stand spell-bound by the perfection of the sight. He may let them speed away unharmed into their own kingdom, just for the immense fun of watching from near at hand the poise and alertness of fast-moving wild animals in the open. Such experiences remain in his memory as a finer trophy than many horns and skins on the

walls of his home. When, after 20,000 miles of adventurous motor travelling in Africa, I crossed the path of the Prince of Wales's royal hunting party, it impressed me deeply to hear that, after days of wearisome stalking big game, he, instead of shooting, took out his camera to snap the animals at close quarters. I found the elusive gnu (S.W. African wildebeest)—that curious beast with an ox's head, a horse's body, and an antelope's limbs—the most amusing to watch, for it cuts funny capers scampering erratically through the 'pori.' Wildebeests are great wanderers, usually resorting to the mercilessly hot and unshaded plains and open bush steppe, where it is uninhabited by natives. These animals will mix freely with zebra when feeding."

SEE HOW THEY RUN! OSTRICH ATTITUDES; AND GALLOPING ZEBRA.



A MALE OSTRICH READY TO DEFEND HIS FAMILY AND EVEN ATTACK A MAN: ONE OF TWO PARENT BIRDS THAT DID NOT RUN FOR SAFETY AT A CAR'S APPROACH, BUT REMAINED WITH THEIR SLOWLY MOVING YOUNG.



SILLY AS A CHICKEN, AND SIMILARLY APT TO CROSS JUST IN FRONT OF THE WHEELS: AN OSTRICH RUNNING BEFORE A CAR (FOREGROUND) A BACK VIEW OF THE BIG BIRD IN MOVEMENT.



"THE MOST PICTURESQUE ANIMALS OF THE AFRICAN STEPPES": A HERD OF ZEBRA IN MOVEMENT—A WONDERFUL GROUP PICTURE OF A "DISPLAY" BY WILD PERFORMERS IN A NATURAL "ARENA."



THE ZEBRA'S GALLOP: AN ANIMAL THAT IS "ALMOST A HORSE," BUT USELESS FOR HUMAN PURPOSES.



ANIMALS WHICH HABITUALLY FEED TO BURSTING POINT, AND IN TRYING TO OUTFRAN A CAR MAY DROP, STRICKEN BY HEART FAILURE: A HERD OF ZEBRA GOING AT FULL GALLOP FOR A FEW HUNDRED YARDS, WHEN THEY WILL STOP UNCONCERNEDLY AND RESUME THEIR GRAZING.

"It is often fairly easy," writes Mr. Hans Seligo, "to approach closely a group of zebra or gnu by motor-car, because they take it for a kind of harmless elephant. When racing after fugitive game I found that most of them could not keep up at 30 to 40 miles speed, or only for a few minutes. The zebra, which habitually feeds until stuffed to bursting-point, may try so hard to outrun the speeding car that it will suddenly drop stricken down by heart failure. Almost a horse, powerful but graceful in movement, resisting great tropical heat and deadly flies and germs, the zebra is still useless for men. But when born in captivity it can be crossed

with horse or mule and become a saddle mount.—Ostriches are equal to chickens in silliness. I often had them racing side by side with my car at great speed; but after some time, like their small domestic cousins, they will try to cross the road just in front of the wheels. Ostriches are very proud of their numerous family, and both parents watch the younglings carefully. The male in his beautiful black coat, with swan-white lining and white wing tips, leads the way; while the female in her grey-brown feather costume keeps an eye on the little ones following. Thus an ostrich family resists attacks from jackals, civet-cats, or hyenas."

HOW PEKING GETS ICE IN SUMMER WITHOUT ARTIFICIAL REFRIGERATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS BY H. H. BRAYTON BARFF.

¹ FOR hundreds of years the Chinese in North China have realised the food-preservative properties of ice, but have never produced ice artificially. They have, however, made good use of the large amount of natural ice that comes in winter. The present writer has been served with ice-cooled drinks in August in regions where artificial ice has never been conceived of. Riparian proprietors cut ice from streams and ponds in solid blocks, store it in mountain caves or bury it under earth and straw, and then, in summer, sell it to restaurants, inns, and private persons. In Peking the industry has been carried on for centuries on special lines. Running all round the city, parallel to the city walls, is a moat, some

(Continued in Box 2.)



SYSTEMATIC ICE-CUTTING (DONE AT NIGHT) IN THE PEKING CITY MOAT: A LONG RECTANGLE (THE UNIT OF OWNERSHIP) CUT INTO THE ICE (LEFT BACKGROUND); AND A LARGE SHEET (FOREGROUND) THAT HAS FLOATED AWAY.

² and dispose of it. The cutting is done very systematically. The surface is first marked out with sharp ice-picks in rectangles of about 15 by 30 feet. These rectangles are units of ownership, but, to secure ice-blocks of uniform and manageable size, are subdivided into oblongs of about 2 by 3 ft., and the cutting is done along these lines—always by night, as day cutting is thought to produce inferior ice. The men engaged wear very thick clothing, and are shod in boots of osier, lined with thick felt. As each block is cut, with pick, ice-shovel, and saw, it is hauled on to the uncut surface and left there till morning, when gangs of men haul the huge blocks to a line of waiting carts. In these carts the blocks are

(Continued in Box 4.)



ICE-CARTS DRAWN BY MULES WITH EYES SHADED FROM THE GLARE OF THE ICE IN FRONT: THE REMOVAL OF THE ICE AFTER IT HAS BEEN SUBDIVIDED INTO BLOCKS OF MANAGEABLE SIZE—SHOWING THE CITY WALL IN THE BACKGROUND.



HOW THE ICE-BLOCKS ARE STORED IN WINTER FOR PRESERVATION UNTIL THE SUMMER: AN ICE-PIT (ABOUT 150 FT. BY 50 FT.) DUG NEAR THE CITY GATES, AND NOT YET QUITE FILLED WITH ICE-BLOCKS, SEEN FROM ABOVE.

³ 120 feet wide and perhaps 20 miles long. This moat is city property, and rights of fishing, gathering water-weeds, or collecting ice are reserved by the city authorities. In winter this moat freezes to a depth of 2 or 3 feet, and in severe winters becomes almost solid. The authorities sell the ice rights, supposedly by auction, but really to various privileged families. The ice is usually cut three times in the season, once about the Winter Solstice, and twice thereafter. If, after the third cutting, further ice forms, riparian owners are allowed to cut

(Continued in Box 3.)



THE METHOD BY WHICH THE ICE-BLOCKS ARE PACKED AND KEPT HERMETICALLY SEALED FROM LIGHT, AIR, AND WARMTH: BLOCKS LAYERED IN A PIT (SEEN IN BACKGROUND) WITH A SIDE-WALL OF EARTH BEING BUILT UP, AND ANOTHER PIT, NOT YET FILLED (IN FOREGROUND).

⁴ conveyed to ice-pits, dug in the earth as near the city gates as possible, and there the ice is laid, layer on layer, to a height of about 10 feet, and over the whole mass is laid a thick layer of earth, straw matting, and heavy clods. If the ice-pit is alongside the moat, as at the final cutting by riparian owners, carts are not used, but a track of refuse ice is made direct from the moat to the ice-pit and over it the ice-blocks are hauled. The ice-pits are usually sunk about 5 ft. in the earth, and the upper slabs are built round with an earthen wall. The whole mass

(Continued below.)

of ice is thus hermetically sealed from light, air, and warmth, and so kept until summer, when it has become practically a solid mass. The pit is then opened from the side, and the mass of ice is attacked with pick and spud. It is sent into the city on barrows, each carrying two huge blocks, and either vended from house to house or delivered according to monthly contracts to restaurants, food-shops, inns, or private consumers. From these blocks, which are wheeled round the dusty streets without any protection from filth or infection, the ice-man hacks off the stipulated quantity by a rough reckoning. Buying by the month,

the cost works out at about a shilling a hundredweight. The ice is surprisingly clear, usually being crystal-white, but, considering its origin and the method and material used in its preservation, it is obviously, in the language of Western food laws, "unfit for human consumption"; but that consideration has no weight in a Chinese community. The ice is mixed directly with uncooked meat and vegetables, crunched in soft drinks, and otherwise brought into direct contact with food, but all, apparently, with impunity and immunity amongst a people whom centuries of habituation have rendered proof against such infections.

A CREWLESS WAR-SHIP THROWS OUT A SMOKE-SCREEN: "ZÄHRINGEN."



THE UNMANNED, WIRELESS-CONTROLLED, CORK-FILLED TARGET-SHIP "ZÄHRINGEN" IN ACTION DURING THE GUNNERY EXERCISES OF THE GERMAN NAVY: THROWING OUT A SMOKE-SCREEN BEHIND WHICH SHE DOUBLED IN AN ATTEMPT TO EVADE HER "ENEMY," THE "KÖNIGSBERG."



FIRING AT THE UNMANNED, WIRELESS-CONTROLLED "ZÄHRINGEN": THE NEW GERMAN 6000-TON CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG," WHICH CARRIES NINE 6-INCH GUNS MOUNTED IN TRIPLE TURRETS, IN ACTION DURING THE GUNNERY EXERCISES, WHEN SHE HIT THE TARGET-SHIP FREQUENTLY.

On August 27 and on the succeeding days, the wireless-controlled—and, of course, unmanned—ex-battle-ship "Zähringen" received many rounds of practice ammunition in her cork-filled interior during the German Navy's series of gunnery exercises, carried out to the North of the Kiel light-ship. The ships engaged in the practice were the twenty-five-year-old battle-ships "Schlesien," "Hannover," "Schleswig-Holstein," and "Hessen," and the new cruiser "Königsberg," which tried-out her nine 6-inch guns on the "Zähringen." The wireless-controlled ship

came up at full speed and soon received frequent hits from the "Königsberg": she then put up a smoke-screen, under cover of which she doubled on her tracks and tried to escape, but "Königsberg" also turned, and began a running fight, to which "Zähringen" simulated a reply by firing rockets—also discharged by wireless control from a distance. The "Zähringen" is an ex-battle-ship, completely reconstructed between 1926 and 1928 for use as a wireless-controlled ship similar to the British "Centurion."

The World of the Theatre.

THE MALVERN FESTIVAL—"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET."

IT was a happy idea of Sir Barry Jackson to repeat the festival again this year at Malvern, for no more delightful surroundings could have been chosen, surroundings full of both picturesque and historic interest, surroundings that reveal England at her very best. The quiet little town clings to the steep side of the hills, and away up above the valley, some three-quarters of a mile from the station, stands the theatre. It is a pleasing little building, adjoining the Priory Park, where one can play miniature golf or look down over the countryside, just now in the full glory of the fruit season. Inside the theatre, with its buff walls and blue ceiling, its well-raked floor and comfortable tip-up seats, from which we get a clear view of the stage, is a genial spirit of friendliness. For most of us have come for the festival, and because we have a common interest and continually meet, we cease to be detached onlookers sitting in isolated parties. This continuity of audiences is an asset beyond the reach of the commercial theatres in the big cities, and its value cannot be over-estimated. The natural reserves are broken down, so there is a free interchange of opinions,

eclipsed. How rarely is love so undefiled and so delicate the main issue of a play! There is no room in this courtship for ignoble purpose; there are no weeds in this "immortal garland." There is passion, consuming, invigorating passion, but no sex, and the romance shines the brighter because it is set over against a background dark with unhealthy repressions, shadowed by an impure Puritanism intense to the brink of madness.

We see the invalid Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett a prisoner on her couch, nursing her spaniel, Flush, tended by her faithful maid, Wilson, shut in behind closed windows with only the houses opposite to look upon—a gentle, courageous soul almost overwhelmed and beaten by the sunless loneliness. And yet we can feel her exuberant, precipitate, abundant life that only waits the touch of masterful health to set it free. She dreams of Italy and blue skies even while the spineless family of brothers and sisters with no will or understanding of their tyrannical father gather round. Only Henrietta has any fire of rebellion, any stormy passion to sweep her to opposition, and so Elizabeth is drawn to her, yet she lacks fibre enough to withstand her father. The seven brothers who crowd the stage only to embarrass it are figures of farce, and Arabella, her other sister, has such a cloistered virtue, so meek and mild, that she provokes us to smiles. All stand alienated and fearing their dour, implacable, insensate father, Edward Moulton-Barrett—all but Elizabeth, his favourite child. It is the play's distinction that it makes acceptable this mutual understanding, and the play's failure that, in the final scene, it destroys it. Elizabeth never wholly lost her affection for her father, though he never relented, returning all her letters with their seals unbroken. Mr. Besier, in his search for a motive, has pressed the logic of his psychology too far. It was enough to disclose in that incident with his niece, Bella Hedley, that the man was sexually tormented. That probing was deep enough to fathom the cruelty and the unreasoning objection he had to all marriage.

True, neither pride, religious bigotry, nor selfishness were either in themselves, or in combination, sufficient, but when Mr. Besier underlines this motive so fiercely as to make his plea for his daughter's affection incestuous, he may provide a motive for her immediate flight to her husband, but he bolts and bars the door for ever on Elizabeth's affection for

her father. It might be argued that this is forcing the tests of biography beyond their place, and the dramatist has the right to imaginative license. But the failure strikes deeper. It is an artistic blunder, for it blunts tragedy



IN THE "CYNARA" TRIANGLE: JIM (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER) IS CHARMED BY THE ENCHANTING LITTLE DORIS LEA (CELIA JOHNSON), AND IS HERE SEEN WITH HER IN HER FLAT.

and, as Elbert Hubbard said: "From the anvil of discussion fly the sparks of truth." Shaw is again the presiding genius, and an interesting selection from his works occupies the stage until the end of the month; but the chief interest of this festival is the production of the new play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolf Besier, a playwright we are glad to welcome back into the theatre.

There is a peculiar appropriateness in presenting a play concerning the story of Elizabeth Barrett Browning at Malvern, for, though she was born at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, in March 1806, her childhood was passed in the beautiful western county of Herefordshire, and in the days of her country youth Malvern was familiar. The scene of the play is laid in her father's house at Wimpole Street, and the events and circumstances which led eventually to her marriage with the poet are concentrated and telescoped into Elizabeth's own room. The dramatist has not attempted a complete biographical study involving an episodic structure, with a consequent dissipation of interest, but focusses his attention on the home life of the poetess, and shows how inevitable the decision of a secret marriage and elopement was. The painful facts are already familiar to all who know the story of the Brownings, facts that are charged with dramatic interest, facts that only waited the illumination of character and motive which Mr. Besier, with discretion and sympathetic imagination, has provided to make a play pregnant with significance. Those who meticulously check the details should remember that "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is not a biography, though the author's fidelity is remarkable, for there is hardly a single episode that cannot be substantiated. But the dramatist's aim is to create an illusion of reality, to convert us rather than convince us through the clash of characters, and to make us feel that what happens was bound to happen under the circumstances. This has not been completely achieved, as I hope to show presently, but so sincere is the approach, so well conceived are the central characters, so sensitive and beautiful is the treatment of the theme, and so interesting is the narrative, that the demerits are



A PLAY IN WHICH MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD PLAYS THE PART OF THE INJURED WIFE: "LET US BE GAY," AT THE LYRIC.

The photograph shows Mr. Arthur Margetson as Bob Brown, from whom his divorced wife, Kitty Brown (Miss Tallulah Bankhead), has unwittingly undertaken to rescue Dierdre Lessing (Miss Joan Matheson; seen in the centre).

into horror, making it impossible to share Elizabeth's words: "Pa, you don't know how sorry I am for you." There can be no pity for a monster.

Browning comes into this gloomy household like a breath of invigorating free air. His enthusiasm, his humour, his masterful optimism, his passionate devotion, and his splendid presence sweep Elizabeth off her feet. Here is human nature in action, and Mr. Scott Sunderland, with a fine impetuosity, gave credibility to the great man. Not the philosopher and the thinker, not the mind that created Bishop Blougram or wrote "Saul" and "Abt Vogler," but an inspiring whirlwind of eagerness and will nevertheless, a figure emanating the vital strength which was life to Elizabeth Barrett. The portrait of the poetess is perfectly drawn by Miss Gwen frangon-Davies, tender, fragile, grave, gay, passionate, clear-souled, and so womanly that she compels us to share every mood, and carries us forward with the sure touch of her characterisation out of this cold Wimpole Street house to her Italian home. There is charm and cleverness in Miss Joan Barry's vivacious Bella Hedley, and a tragic intensity in Henrietta's rebellion, which Miss Marjorie Mars expresses with brilliant sincerity. Miss Susan Richmond, as the patient, forbearing Arabella, never over-emphasises into caricature, and Miss Eileen Beldon makes an excellent maid. As Edward Moulton-Barrett, Mr. Cedric Hardwicke shows what a great actor he is, for he penetrates this complex personality, and knits the conflicting characteristics—the fundamental integrity, the thwarted passion the intolerant bigotry, the humourless sense of duty the, insane prejudices, and the genuine affection for his daughter—into a composed unity and almost persuades us to accept the conclusion, moving us in the midst of his isolate vindictiveness. There is fear and terror in his craving for Elizabeth's sole affection, for behind it is the agony of a loveless marriage, of a wife's love that he killed, though forced to bear his children. It is at once both a creation and a criticism of fanatical conduct. The production of Mr. H. K. Aylliff is smooth and thoughtful in its avoidance of geying the Victorians, and the settings of Mr. Paul Shelving—the two aspects of the same room was a brilliantly clever piece of stage-craft—altogether admirable. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a play of distinction worthily interpreted, with re-created characters that live, and, despite the weaknesses already observed, a play that no one should fail to see when it comes to the Queen's on Sept. 23. G. F. H.



"I HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL TO THEE, CYNARA, IN MY FASHION": A SCENE FROM "CYNARA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Clemency (Miss Gladys Cooper), the lovely wife, is seen after she has come home to her husband, Jim (Sir Gerald du Maurier).

THE AFRIDI ATTACK ON PESHAWAR: PHOTOGRAPHS DURING THE RAID.



AT A BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS ON THE PESHAWAR-KOHAT ROAD ON AUGUST 12, DURING OPERATIONS AGAINST THE AFRIDIS: A SIGNAL SECTION AT WORK, WITH A WIRELESS MAST AND FRAME AERIAL IN THE FOREGROUND, AND AN AEROPLANE FLYING OVER TO DROP A MESSAGE.

WE publish here two of the first photographs to arrive from Peshawar showing some actual incidents of the operations against the Afridi tribesmen during their incursion into the district last month. These photographs, taken by a British officer, illustrate vividly the nature of the duties which our troops had to carry out against an elusive enemy with whom it was difficult to come to grips, and against whose stealthy movements untiring watchfulness was necessary. It may be recalled that the Afridis began to move down the Bara Valley, for an attack on Peshawar on August 5 last, and by the 20th they had been dispersed and the district was then practically clear of hostile tribesmen. The casualties inflicted on them were estimated at about 50 killed and twice that number wounded, while the British casualties were limited to the few incurred by the Poona Horse on August 9. The R.A.F. made constant flights for reconnaissance and bombing, the six squadrons totalling 1835 flying hours between August 4 and 16.



THE WATCH TOWER AT BARA FORT, WHERE DAY AND NIGHT A WATCH WAS KEPT OVER THE KAJAURI PLAIN AND THE TIRAH FOOTHILLS FOR RAIDING PARTIES OF AFRIDIS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A BRITISH OFFICER ON AUGUST 9.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"THE Autocracy of Mr. Parham" is a romance, a satire, a warning, perhaps—who knows?—a prophecy. In a few years' time (Mr. Wells transports us no further than that into the future), we may be suffering under a dictator who, in the name of patriotism, will involve us in wars with Russia and America, and come near to bringing civilisation in ruin about our ears. Whether the agent of destruction will be a timid, conceited, narrow-minded, reactionary Oxford don, galvanised by ectoplasm, I take leave to doubt. But to hit on Mr. Parham for the job was all part of Mr. Wells's fun, and it enabled him to give a gentle dig at our ancient seats of learning. To Sir Bussy Woodcock, a financial magnate of little culture, but with an open mind, capable of realising, at long last, the power of Science to change human nature for the better, Mr. Wells is kinder; for in this novel, as in others, he is a propagandist. His missionary spirit prepares the pill; his novelist's instinct sweetens it to the reader's taste with a good, thick coating of incident and adventure. "The Battle of the North Atlantic" may come to an impotent conclusion, but it is very exciting while it lasts, and a much better subject for the novelist than the reign of scientifically induced peace which it precedes. However, Mr. Wells handles both worlds, regenerate and unregenerate, with a delightful lightness of touch. "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" has serious passages for those who want them, including a very able summary of the more disquieting features of our national life; but in the main it is a care-free, hard-hitting, good-natured, entertaining story.

Still keeping at a discreet remove from those abysses of realism into which we must presently plunge, let us consider three novels which, without being wildly romantic or foolishly optimistic, minister to our natural desire to read about comfortable lives and happy endings. I cannot believe that fiction is any the worse for concerning itself with what we should like to be, instead of what we are, or what we are afraid of being. Certainly anyone would be glad to make a third in those enchanting conversations between Richard and Mrs. Caudover which, with a little sight-seeing and travelling thrown in, fill up the brief, unhurried pages of "Down the Sky." Whether the partners of the dialogue would admit the intrusion is another matter; but I think they would, for there is nothing very private in their conversation; it has the accents of intimacy, but it touches on a great many subjects, is nearly always amusing, and seems to demand an audience.

I am sorry to think that this charming relationship may (it seems doubtful) at the end of the book have ripened into love, with its jealousies, its scenes, its possessiveness, its intolerance of third parties. If it has, we shall be able to eavesdrop no longer.

It must be admitted that one reason why "Down the Sky" is so comforting and reassuring is that both the principals are rich and released from the pressure of life. But in "The Young Livingstones," which also belongs to the category of happy books, they are not. The brother and sister can barely afford to travel by bus to the innumerable social engagements with which their lives (and ours) are

continually brightened. But their poverty does not weigh heavily on Rex and Barbara. In the first story, it is true, Rex borrows a ten-pound note from Barbara's rich and rather undesirable admirer. But not because

three preceding novels one cannot conceive of a character dying, unless it was some remote relation by whose will the hero and heroine benefited. In "Look Homeward, Angel," it seems more remarkable when the persons of the story remain alive. Not that many of them die; the protagonist's father lingers on, in spite of cancer and the taunts of his family, who feel they could better have spared him than his son Ben. But there is an odour of mortality in the book, in spite of Eugene Gant's prodigiously long pre-natal existence, the retrospective immortality with which, in mystical moments, he tries to identify himself. This young twentieth-century American is always casting his eye backwards over history, hoping, it seems, to descry some perfected version of himself. Begun in childhood, the habit accompanied him until he went to Harvard. To his relations and fellow-townsmen he was a lad like any other, good at his books but difficult in disposition; to himself he was a lost, unfinished mortal, trailing clouds of glory that were rapidly wearing thin. Mr. Wolfe might, I think, have condensed his book to the size of one or, at any rate, two ordinary novels, without hurting it. As it is, we feel that Eugene, in spite of adolescence and love affairs, and other signs of physical being, is not a personality, but a gas, capable of indefinite expansion, or a ripple in mid-ocean that will one day reach the shore. But Mr. Wolfe's writing is characterised by an energy and fervour that, better directed, might achieve remarkable results.

"Arm's Length" is another study of a man who, through some temperamental inadequacy, cannot come to grips with life or abandon himself to it. Gerald Imray's nature, however, is fastidious, not ecstatic; he does not so much desire a better country as chafe

against this one; and he tries to take refuge from himself, not in intoxicating evocations of the past, but in the bosom of the Pound family, his social inferiors and for that very reason a welcome change. The experiment does not succeed. He exchanges the stifling security in which his relations enfolded him for an uneasy complicity in the Pounds' furtive, informal, unstable existence; and, though he suffers in their catastrophe, he derives as much satisfaction from his brush with experience as a schoolboy does from contact with the cane. We

leave him symbolically swimming far out to sea. Mr. Metcalfe has written a perplexing, stimulating book, that somehow fails quite to "come off."

In "The Island" we are shown how another life, also threatened with frustration, refused to accept the verdict of Fate—or temperament, or accident, or environment, or whatever it was that turned Goosey Hughes against the male sex—and escaped emotional sterility in the companionship of a woman friend. Miss Naomi Royde-Smith is a restless and ingenious writer; she diversifies poor Goosey's single-hearted passion with several changes of scene: from Wales we go to Liverpool, and thence to Devonshire—to the Rockmouth whose attractions as a holiday resort Miss Royde-Smith has already celebrated. Here Goosey

(Continued on page 420.)



MR. JOHN DOS PASSOS,
Whose "The Forty-Second Parallel"
has just been published.
From the Drawing by Frank Slater.



MISS MILDRED CRAM,
Whose "Madder Music" has just
been published.
From the Drawing by Dudley Carpenter.

he wants the money. He only wants to intimate to the admirer that if he marries into the Livingstone family he will frequently be touched for a loan. The ruse succeeds; the unpleasant *pretendant* is repelled. Brother and sister are a lovable and loving pair, and the opening pages, which describe how the quality of fraternal affection has changed since Victorian days, are some of the best-written I have read for many a long day. The book, like Mr. Lucas's, has no plot; it proceeds by a series of incidents illustrating the united front the Young Livingstones turned to the world. Mr. Mackail is on the best of terms with the reader; he acts as interpreter, and is one of the pleasantest characters in a very pleasant novel.

"Mr. Buffum" tells how an up-to-date niece set out to modernise a devoted, even a doting, uncle, an uncle as much



MR. HEINRICH MANN,
Whose "The Little Town" has just
been published.



MR. DENIS MACKAIL,
Author of "The Young Livingstones."

like a fairy godmother as a man can well be. She took him to places where they dance and drink cocktails; she revolutionised his ideas of pleasure. Mr. de Sélincourt's touch is not as light, nor his humour so fresh, as Mr. Mackail's. Niece and uncle are types we have met before, and are the least little bit stagey; but they are amiable creatures, to whom something novel and unexpected is always happening, and we cannot grudge them their fairy-tale happiness.

The halcyon days of the month's fiction are now ended, and we enter upon a period of storm and stress. In the

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham. By H. G. Wells. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Down the Sky. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
The Young Livingstones. By Denis Mackail. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Mr. Buffum. By Hugh de Sélincourt. (Ward, Lock and Co.; 7s. 6d.)
Look Homeward, Angel. By Thomas Wolfe. (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)
Arm's Length. By John Metcalfe. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
The Island. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
Madder Music. By Mildred Cram. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)
Backwater. By T. S. Stribling. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Old Miss. By T. Bowyer Campbell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Haxby's Circus. By Katharine Susannah Prichard. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
Murder Off Broadway. By Leonard Falkner. (Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)



MR. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT,
Author of "Mr. Buffum."



MISS PRUDENCE O'SHEA,
Whose "Famine Alley" was published
recently. Miss O'Shea is at present in
North Africa, collecting material for a
new novel which will deal with the
Foreign Legion.



MR. BERTRAM ATKEY,
Whose "The House of Strange Victims" has
just been published.

A CHURCH AS A HOSTEL—WITH "BED-SITTING-ROOMS" AND SMOKING!



THE CONVERTED CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST, LÜBECK, AS A HOME FOR AGED MEN AND WOMEN: CUBICLES IN THE AISLE—EACH WITH BED, DRESSING-TABLE, AND EASY CHAIR, EACH WITH A LETTER-BOX, AND EACH WITH THE NAME OF ITS OCCUPANT ON THE DOOR.

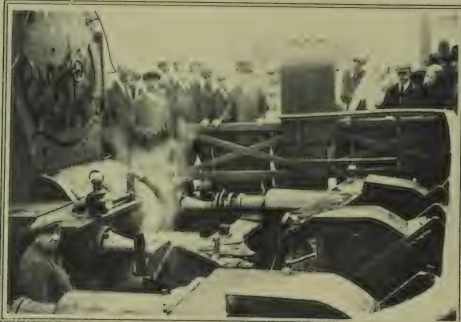
SMOKING AND CHATTING AT THEIR EASE—AND HATTED: OLD-AGE PENSIONERS IN THE FORMER CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST, LÜBECK, WHICH IS NOW A HOSTEL, BUT RETAINS MANY OF ITS RELIGIOUS FURNISHINGS, INCLUDING THE PULPIT.



The North German town of Lübeck has set an example of economy and generosity in its method of caring for those of its aged citizens—both men and women—who are past work and cannot support themselves. A former church—that of the Holy Ghost—has been converted into a hostel, or almshouse, which must be nearly unique in the history of such institutions. Cubicles are arranged in rows down the body of the church, and each inmate is allotted

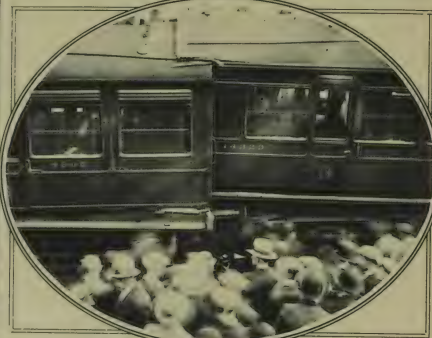
one of these. In each is room for a bed, a dressing-table, and an easy chair. The names and numbers of the occupants are painted on the doors, and each has its own little letter-box. Cooking is done by the pensioners themselves in a large general kitchen; and there are spacious and sunny rest-rooms and reading-rooms, as well as a little hospital. Surely, church was never put to use more completely in keeping with the spirit of Christian charity!

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF



A RAILWAY SMASH IN EUSTON STATION: BUFFER-STOPS BROKEN BY THE LEADING ENGINE OF THE "NIGHT SCOT" EXPRESS, WHICH OVER-RAN THEM ON ARRIVAL.

On arriving at Euston at 7.58 a.m. on September 1, the L.M.S. "Night Scot" express from Glasgow crashed into the buffer-stop, with an impact that caused the second and third coaches, one of which was derailed, to be partially telescoped. About thirty of the passengers and crew of the train were injured, and some were taken to hospital, while others received attention in a waiting-room that became a temporary dressing-room. (Continued on right.)



WHERE THE MAIN SHOCK OF THE COLLISION WITH THE BUFFER-STOPS AT EUSTON STATION. Fortunately, none of the injured proved serious. Most of the passengers were flung down as they were standing to gather their belongings. Among those who escaped unhurt were Lord Rothermere, who was thrown to the floor of his compartment and Mr. Marshall Field and his wife (formerly Mrs. Dudley Costa), who were recently married in London. A similar accident occurred at Euston on August 27, 1925.



ONE CONDITION OF THE DE ARROYAVE BEQUEST TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY: A PORTRAIT OF THE TESTATOR'S MOTHER, TO BE HUNG IN THE BOARD ROOM. The late Mr. George de Arroyave Lopez bequeathed over £20,000 to be given, on his widow's death, to the Zoological Society of London, as the De Arroyave Fund, the income to be applied to the upkeep of the "Zoo." A condition was that his mother's portrait (by R. Buckner) should be hung in the Board Room. The legacy has been judiciously approved, and the portrait delivered.

AN ARMoured TRAIN AT PESHAWAR, WITH A GUN MOUNTED ON A TRUCK, USED DURING THE ARABI RAIDS: WAITING TO ESCORT FRONTIER MAILS TO ATTOCK. A Reuter message of August 12 stated: "Some shots were fired at Attock Bridge, and trains for Peshawar were delayed there until the arrival of an armoured train. The bridge has frequently been mentioned as the Arabi objective, but any serious damage is impossible. The firing was directed at troop trains, and the armoured train was sent (from Lahore) to escort them." Our photograph was taken on August 20.



A PROJECTED TEN-MILE BALLOON ASCENT TO STUDY COSMIC RAYS AND OBTAIN DATA CONCERNING ATOMIC ENERGY: THE INTERIOR OF THE SPHERICAL ALUMINIUM CAR FOR THE HOUSING OF THE SCIENTISTS.

A new scientific use for the balloon (interest in which has been stimulated by the *André* discovery) is projected by M. Picard, Professor of Physics at the Polytechnic University of Brussels. With his assistant, M. Kiper, he hopes to ascend to a height of ten miles in a balloon of some 14,000 cubic metres capacity, with a diameter of about 100 feet. The investigators will occupy a spherical aluminium

"PROFESSOR PICARD'S ASSISTANT IN HIS PROPOSED BALLOON ASCENT: M. KIPER SEEN STANDING BEFORE THE SPHERICAL "CAR," HOLDING AN INSTRUMENT DESIGNED TO REGULATE THE ENTRY OF AIR INTO IT.

The cabin will have been tested to withstand an internal pressure of 60 tons. The cabin will be ballasted with lead dust to avoid injury to the occupants. Ventilation in high altitudes is to be by means of a study of cosmic rays, of which little is known. The ascent will probably be made at Augsburg, Germany.

INTERESTING RECENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE CENTENARY OF THE LIVERPOOL-MANCHESTER RAILWAY, OPENED IN SEPTEMBER 1830:

A REPLICA OF THE FIRST TRAIN, TO BE DISPLAYED AT THE CELEBRATIONS. The celebrations of the centenary of the Liverpool-Manchester Railway, which was opened on September 16, 1830, will take place at Liverpool, and will run from the 13th to the 16th. Three thousand five hundred people are to participate in a great pageant at Wavertree recreation ground, in which there will be a stage a hundred yards long. At a great Railway Fair, visitors will be able to travel in open carriages like the first used on the Liverpool-Manchester line, which now, of course, forms part of the L.M.S. system.



A FRENCH ATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE AEROPLANE "QUESTION MARK" AT LE BOURGET JUST BEFORE CAPTAIN COSTES AND M. BELLOTTE STARTED FOR NEW YORK.

Captain Costes and M. Bellette left Le Bourget on September 1, in the aeroplane "Question Mark," on their record attempt to fly from Paris to New York. In July of last year, they were compelled by strong head winds to turn back from the Azores. In the "Question Mark," they flew last year from Paris to Turkish, Manchuria, 4910 miles. The 500-h.p. Hispano engine then used was replaced by a 750-h.p. engine of the same make. They made land on Sept. 2, passing over Cape Nova Scotia, at 2.30 p.m. that day.



THE PROJECTED NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT LIVERPOOL: A GENERAL DESIGN FOR THE BUILDING, BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.

A great open-air service, attended by about 250,000 people, was celebrated in Thingwall Park, Liverpool, on Sunday, August 31, as a thanksgiving for the acquisition of the site desired for a new Roman Catholic Cathedral. Above is a reproduction of Sir Edwin Lutyens' design for the building—which, it is calculated, will be second only in size to St. Peter's at Rome. The materials suggested are Portland stone, with a dome encased in rusted steel. The design is not complete in every detail.



EFFIGY-BURNING AS A PHASE OF THE ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN INDIA:

A FIGURE COMPOSED OF FOREIGN CLOTH AND LIQUOR, ON A CAMEL, AT HYDERABAD. Effigy-burning and the burning of foreign cloth has played a considerable part in Swastika and other demonstrations throughout India, and our readers may remember that we illustrated similar incidents at Karachi and Poona in May and June. The grotesque effigy, seen in the above photograph, mounted like a carnival figure on a camel, was recently burnt at Hyderabad. It was composed of foreign cloth and contained foreign liquor.



A SUNK BATTLE-CRUISER RAISED ALMOST COMPLETE FROM THE BED OF THE SEA:

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "HINDENBURG" A VIEW FROM THE FORTH BRIDGE. The salvaging of the German battle-cruiser "Hindenburg"—the largest sunken warship ever raised—was illustrated in our issue of August 16. After being refloated, she was towed to Mull Bay to prepare for her last voyage of 200 miles to the Firth of Forth, to be broken up. The above photograph shows the remarkable approximation to completeness in her appearance, with two of the big turret guns still in position.

FAMOUS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SHIPS WITH NAMESAKES IN THE NAVY.

By GREGORY ROBINSON. (See Pictures on Pages I, II-III.)

The Stuarts and the Sea.

Whatever shortcomings political or religious predilections may discover in the Stuarts, there is

no doubt they possessed one quality which by Englishmen is accounted a virtue—a fancy for the sea; and, although the acute royal interest was sometimes an embarrassment to the shipwrights, understanding criticism forced a high standard of work, so that the seventeenth century stands out as a golden age of shipbuilding. As though he wished us to share in his pleasure, Charles II. appointed the van de Velde to make innumerable drawings of his ships, whereby we are made almost as familiar with their appearance as we are with that of their namesakes in the Royal Navy of to-day; fortunately, too, the contemporary literature enables us to man the fleet with real men, for, while the courtly painters, Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, fit out the admirals in fine silk and feathered hats, which do not stand salt water well, Pepys and the other diarists put them into sea boots and oil-skins, so that they cannot be mistaken for anything else but seamen, sun-baked and sea-crikkled. The elaborate decorations of the period hide the real serviceableness of the ships, and have given, perhaps, a feeling of unreality to the operations of the Restoration Navy; but good solid oak was behind the glitter and pageantry, and, indeed, there is no era in which the Navy endured more or fought harder—had to fight harder; for it was pitted against a Navy of equal gallantry, belonging to a nation who likewise looked to the sea for bread, a fact which adds not a little to the grim spitefulness of war.

The "Sovereign of the Seas" (which was re-named the *Royal Sovereign* at the Restoration) had been built in 1637 against the advice and wishes of the best people of the day, who ever look backwards—they said there never had been a ship with three flush decks armed, and there never could be; but, fortunately, the people who were looking in the opposite direction had the will of the King with them, and the ship went down the ways into the sea to remain afloat herself for over fifty years and to serve as a pattern for all capital ships for over two centuries: the best people seem to have been in error. There was no doubt of her comeliness—the Master Shipwright, Phineas Pett, saw to that—but it was a good many years before she was able to prove worthiness in battle. This happened off the Kentish Knock in 1652, where it was put beyond doubt. At the victory on St. James's Day in 1666 she was next astern of the Commanders-in-Chief, commanded by Captain John Cox, a hardy and experienced seaman—they always chose a prime seaman for her; at Solebay old Sir Joseph Jordan, with his blue flag at the fore, sailed clean through the Dutch Fleet; and the year following, at the Texel fight, Prince Rupert preferred her to a newer ship, reckoning there was no finer in Christendom—and, remember, by 1673 that old cavalry officer was as good a judge of a ship as he was of a horse. In two more battles she served as a flag-ship—at Beachy Head and Barfleur; then, one winter's night in '96, some clumsy swab capsized a candle, and the great ship lit up half the county of Kent, lit up Chatham Church, where for nigh fifty years had lain sleeping old Phineas Pett, Master Shipwright of England, the man who made her.

The *Britannia*, launched in 1682, at Chatham. With her three great tiers of ordnance, one hundred guns in all, and her magnificent figure-head of King Charles on horseback, sword arm raised about to strike, Sir Phineas Pett evidently intended her to be as fine a ship as his great uncle's *Sovereign*;

but she was destined never to be so severely tested as the older vessel, for the wars with Holland were over, and it was many years before the raised sword struck home. In 1691 she bore Sir Edward Russell's flag in the mighty fleet which chased in vain the brilliant Tourville far out into the Atlantic; better luck attended the British, when, in the following year, they caught and crushed him against Cape Barfleur. It was here that James, the exiled King, saw his new host's fleet smashed by the ships he

as Lord High Admiral of England at the fore, pouring her broadsides into Louis' *Soleil Royal*. How strangely mixed were his feelings, as he watched from the French shore, can be realised by those who know how great and long his services had been in the making for good order and discipline in the Navy, the weapon which on that day struck down hope of return to his own country. In 1694 the *Britannia* carried Russell's flag up the Straits, marking the beginning of England's permanent power in the Mediterranean: this was her last service of importance, and in 1715 she was taken to pieces.

The "Royal Oak."

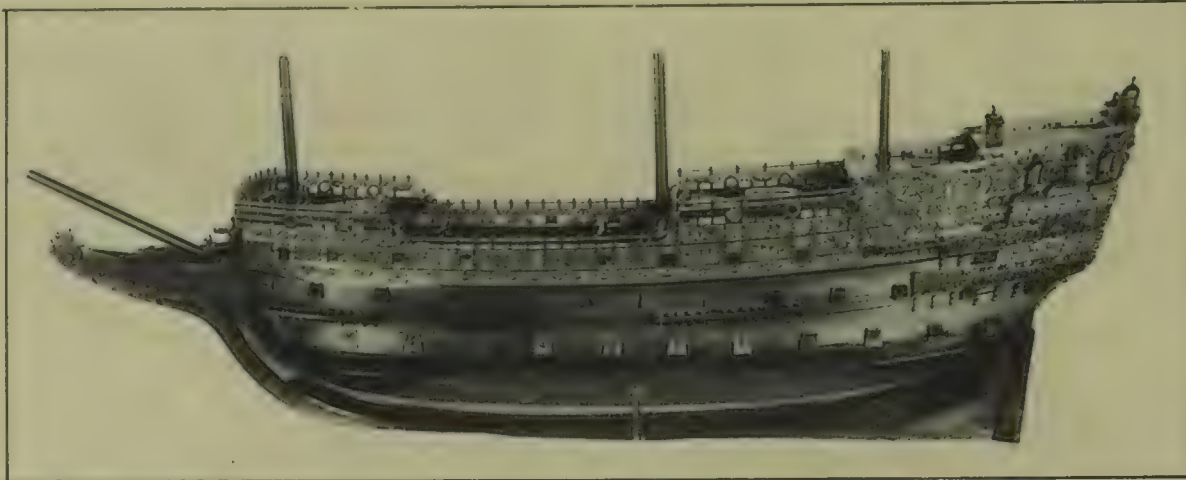
The presiding genius at Deptford Yard in 1674 was a builder with the delectable name of Jonas Shish. Samuel Pepys made the uncharitable *post-mortem* statement that old Jonas died of the bottle; it was probably libellous, for Pepys had an ulterior motive—having a friend who was hoping for a post for which a younger Jonas and his brother, John, were candidates, and he hoped that the terrors of heredity in

this particular might weigh heavily against the younger generation's undoubted abilities in shipwrighty. However it may have been, old Jonas Shish was a good workman, and, in the year mentioned, produced one of his masterpieces—the *Royal Oak*, second of her name, a fine ship of seventy-four guns. Most of her days were spent in peace, and we are fortunate in possessing the diary of her chaplain, kept during one of her commissions in the Mediterranean, which lets us into the secret that, in the ordinary way, things went very well then with the Navy! There was much celebrating of birthdays, and they drank to sweethearts and wives o' Saturday nights, in which ceremony one suspects the good chaplain took his full share, for it may be noted that after a particularly heavy night there is the entry: "Sunday. No sermon to-day." Only when pestilence entered the ship do we realise how sad was the state; then Henry Teonge's diary becomes a funeral dirge. In her later days the old ship survived the hard chances of convoy duty to take part in the battle of Malaga, the reduction of Cartagena, Alicante, and Majorca, and then, in 1713, they pulled most of old Jonas's work to pieces to make another ship of the same name.

The "Revenge."

The *Revenge*, who started life at Limehouse in 1654 as the *Newbury*, assuming her new name at the Restoration, suffered much in her time from battle and tempest, and for a while, at any rate, had a crew with a reputation for unruliness which even Prince Rupert could not curb. In her first battle at Lowestoft she was commanded by Robert Holmes, himself a truculent but stout-hearted fellow. In that bloody Four Days' Fight in June '66 she was in the White Squadron, and later in the year, on St. James's Day, ever in the thick of it, she had like to have come to grief through falling foul of one of our own fire-ships. Then, after a turn of convoy duty, early in '68, she hoisted the flag of Sir Edward Spragge, "a merry man that sang a pleasant song pleasantly," who seems to have had a way of keeping other people waiting while he sang, but withal a very gallant fellow. After a rough winter in the Channel and a necessary refit, Spragge, in '69, took her down to the Mediterranean and became a great pirate-hunter, on one occasion rounding up ten in Bougie Bay: after wrecking the town, he (to use his own words) "burnt every ship to a coal." Coming home in '72, with more than half her crew down with sickness, she missed the Battle of Solebay by a few hours. In the following year, caught at anchor off the Shipwash in a terrific gale, she was forced to cut for fear of riding under, and, blown

(Continued on page 424.)



THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" OF 1637: A MODEL IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH.

The "Sovereign of the Seas" was launched on October 13, 1637, and was re-named the "Royal Sovereign" at the Restoration. This model of her, which may be contemporary, is a treasure of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Our publication is made by kind permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

had fought in as Duke of York; saw through the smoke the *Britannia*, which a few years before had carried his Royal Standard at the main and his flag



THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" AS PORTRAYED IN A PICTURE PRESENTED TO THE NATION: THE FAMOUS SHIP IN A PICTURE ATTRIBUTED TO THE VAN DE VELDES.

The picture of which we here reproduce a part was given in colours in our issue of December 7, 1929. It is attributed to the Van de Velde. The whole work may be called a double picture. The left half is that shown. The right half is a portrait of Peter Pett, son of Phineas Pett, the designer of the "Sovereign of the Seas" and Master Shipwright at Chatham, who supervised the building of the "Sovereign of the Seas."

A Famous Ship with a Namesake in the Navy: "Royal Oak."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GREGORY ROBINSON. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



THE "ROYAL OAK" OF 1674: A MASTERPIECE BY SHISH, A SEVENTY-FOUR-GUNNER AND THE SECOND OF HER NAME, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE OF MALAGA IN AUGUST, 1704.

In his very illuminating article, Mr. Gregory Robinson tells how the "Royal Oak" here pictured was a masterpiece by Jonas Shish, the presiding genius at Deptford Yard in the year 1674, a shipwright who, according to the uncharitable Pepys, died of the bottle. Whether the diarist's story be true or scandalous, the fact remains that Shish was a fine craftsman, and the seventy-four-gunner with which we are concerned is an eloquent witness to this. Luckily or unluckily—it depends upon the point of view!—this

"Royal Oak" sailed in peace most of her life and knew many a cheery birthday party, to say nothing of much Saturday-night drinking to sweethearts and wives! Yet she was ready at the hour of conflict: "In her later days the old ship survived the hard chances of convoy duty, to take part in the battle of Malaga, the reduction of Cartagena, Alicante, and Majorca." The present "Royal Oak" of the Royal Navy is a battle-ship completed in May, 1916, and is of the "Royal Sovereign" class.

Famous Ships with Namesakes in the British Navy—and a "Britannia": Fine Seventeenth-Century Craft.

FROM THE PICTURES BY GREGORY ROBINSON. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

THE "Sovereign of the Seas," built in 1577, was continued in defiance of those who argued that "there never had been a ship with three flush decks armed, and there never could be." Nevertheless, she remained afloat for over fifty years, and served as a pattern for all the capital ships for over two centuries. She first went into battle in 1592, off the Kenish Knock, and she fought as well then as she was to fight afterwards. Eventually, "one winter's night in '66 some clumsy swab" capsized a candle, and the great ship lit up half the county of Kent." Phineas Pett built her. The present "Royal Sovereign" is a battle-ship dating from May, 1916.



THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" OF 1577—RE-NAMED THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" AT THE RESTORATION: A VESSEL MADE BY PHINEAS PETT, WHICH WAS REVOLUTIONARY IN HER DAY AND SERVED AS A PATTERN FOR MANY CAPITAL SHIPS.



THE "Britannia" here illustrated was launched in 1682. "With her three great tiers of ordnance, one hundred guns in all, and her magnificent figure-head of King Charles on horseback, sword arm raised about to strike, Sir Phineas Pett evidently intended her to be as fine a ship as his great uncle's 'Sovereign'; but she was destined never to be so severely tested as the older vessel." There is no "Britannia" in the Navy at the present time; but the name will be recalled as having been that of the training-ship displaced by the Royal Naval College in 1905. The old battle-ship "Britannia" was torpedoed off Cape Trafalgar on Nov. 10, 1918.

THE "BRITANNIA" OF 1682: A SHIP WHICH GAVE HER NAME TO VARIOUS NAVAL CRAFT, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS TRAINING-SHIP AT DARTMOUTH AND THE LAST BRITISH NAVAL CASUALTY OF THE GREAT WAR.



THE "Revenge" began at Limehouse in 1654 as the "Newbury," and did not receive her more famous name until the Restoration. Apart from her fighting career, she was known for having, for a while, a crew with a reputation for an unwilliness which even Prince Rupert could not quell. Her end was in mud and weed: "She took her share of hard knocks in the two 'battles of Schooneveld and returned for re-fit; but the best of the shipwrights shook their heads—the worm and the hot sun of the South had taken too much of her. She was laid up, and then after a few years they wrote in the book, 'cast as unserviceable.'" The present "Revenge" is a battle-ship dating from March, 1916.

THE "REVENGE" OF 1654 (WHEN SHE WAS THE "NEWBURY"): A SHIP WHICH SUFFERED MUCH FROM BATTLE AND TEMPEST, KNEW MOST UNRULY CREWS, AND BECAME FAMOUS AS A GREAT HUNTER OF PIRATES.

THE "Warspite" of 1666 fought finely and sturdily against the Dutch. Indeed, at the Texel she was in the division which bore the brunt of the Dutch attack, and later in the day, she was one of the few ships to follow in Rupert's wake to cover the sorely battered Blue squadron. She was launched from Mr. Johnson's yard at Blackwall shortly after the badly hammered fleet had returned to harbour from the Four Days' fight in June, 1666, and was completed for sea with such expedition that she was able to be in the van of the Red squadron on St. James's Day. The present "Warspite" is a battle-ship of the "Queen Elizabeth" class, completed in March, 1915.



THE "WARSPITE" OF 1666: A SIXTY-SIX-GUNNER WHICH SAW MUCH FIGHTING AGAINST THE DUTCH AND TOOK HER SHARE IN THE ETERNAL WATCH AND WARD THAT IS THE NAVY'S CHIEF DUTY.

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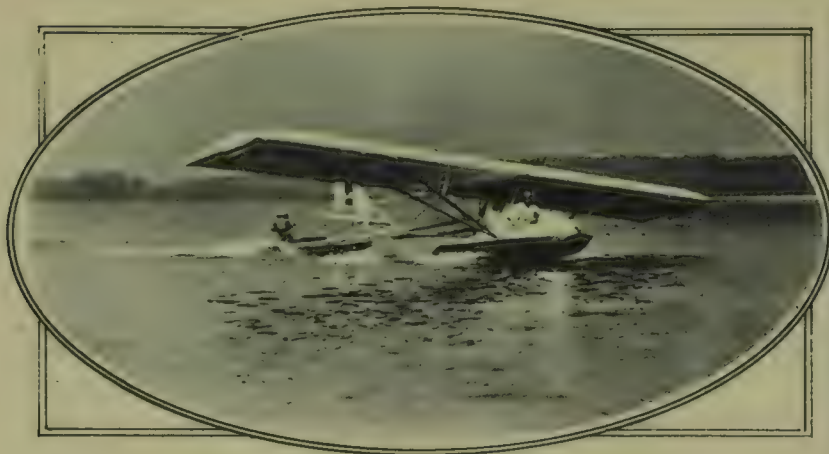
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"WATERPLANE" AND "ROTORPLANE": A "TUTOR" AND A WINGLESS 'PLANE.



THE WATERPLANE—A NEW INVENTION FOR THE SAFE-TEACHING OF PILOTS: THE GLIDER-PLANE—PUSHED FORWARD BY THE MOTOR-BOAT—ABOUT TO RISE.



THE 'PLANE AT ITS MAXIMUM HEIGHT: THE WATERPLANE—ITS GLIDER IN THE AIR, THE CREWLESS MOTOR-BOAT, WHICH CONTAINS THE ENGINE, PUSHING IT FORWARD.



THE PILOT IN THE GLIDER MANŒUVRING THE WATERPLANE BY MEANS OF THE POWER TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE "LEGS" CONNECTING 'PLANE AND MOTOR-BOAT: A TURN.



THE WATERPLANE, WHICH THE AMATEUR LEARNING TO FLY CAN HANDLE WITHOUT FEAR OF CRASHING: A TURN—WITH THE GLIDER BANKING.

The "waterplane" is a recent American contribution to aeronautical invention. It consists of a glider which is attached, by rigid "legs," or "shafts," to a crewless motor-boat, by which it is pushed forward. The glider, driven forward by the power provided by the outboard motor in the boat, derives a lift from its wing surface (about 20 square metres) as the speed increases. After covering about 50 yards at 25 m.p.h., the glider begins to rise from the water, and, being

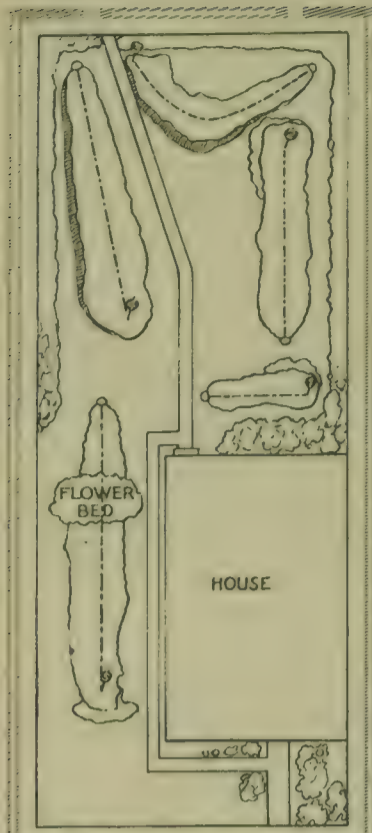
held up in the air, as it were, by the advance of the motor-boat, it is independent of the direction of the wind, and is perfectly safe. Add to this that the shafts are articulated, so that all normal turning movements are possible, and it can be seen that the "waterplane" offers an excellent means of learning to fly. When the maximum altitude has been attained, an automatic device switches off the engine, to prevent the glider lifting the motor-boat into the air.



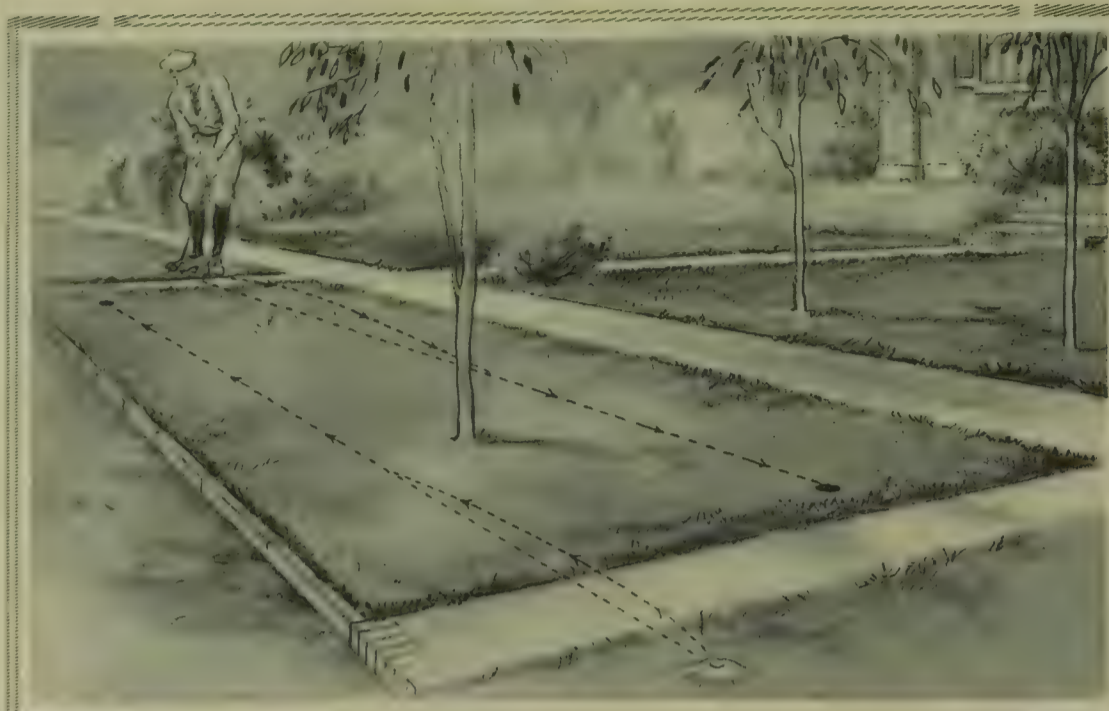
AN INVENTION THAT AIMS AT APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE OF THE "ROTOR"-SHIP TO AERONAUTICS: A SEAPLANE WITH ROTATING CYLINDERS IN PLACE OF WINGS. Our readers will remember that the designers of the rotor-ship, which has frequently been illustrated in our pages, made use of the special power which is exerted by an air current upon a cylinder revolving in it, in order to build a sailing-ship with revolving cylinders instead of sails. The designers of the seaplane illustrated above have used the same principle to build a flying-machine with revolving cylinders in place of wings. The machine, it is stated by a correspondent, will lift nearly ten times the load of an aeroplane of equal weight and lift area.

MINIATURE GOLF AS A REAL PRACTICE GAME: A FAMOUS AMERICAN PLAYER'S "BACK-YARD" COURSE.

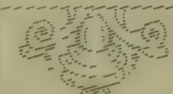
By Courtesy of "POPULAR MECHANICS," U.S.A.



1. A FIVE-HOLE GOLF COURSE FOR A GARDEN: A DESIGN BY "CHICK" EVANS, WHICH CAN BE ALTERED TO SUIT INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS AND SPACE AVAILABLE.



2. HOW MR. EVANS LEARNED TO PLAY GOOD "RUN-UP" SHOTS ON THE WAY TO HIS CLUB: HIS SUGGESTED ARRANGEMENT OF PRACTICE HOLES ACROSS SECTIONS OF ROADSIDE LAWN, BETWEEN PATHS LEADING TO HOUSES.



3. FITTED WITH AN ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR PRACTISING AT NIGHT: A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE LAID OUT IN A GARDEN ON THE LINES SUGGESTED BY "CHICK" EVANS, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN GOLFER.



4. "IN ORDER TO AID YOUR REGULAR GOLF GAME, THIS MINIATURE COURSE SHOULD BE REFINED ON ITS TOP SURFACE, TO GIVE WHAT YOU WOULD GET ON A REGULAR COURSE."



5. "THE EDGES OF THE TERRACE CAN BE FILLED IN WITH GOOD DIRT AND SOD, AND AT THE TRAPS (BUNKERS) WITH WHITE SAND."



6. "YOU CAN GET A TERRACE EFFECT BY CUTTING WITH A SOD-CUTTER OR SPADE AROUND THE CURVING BOUNDARIES OF THE GREENS. . . . THE SLOPE SHOULD NOT BE TOO SHARP."

The miniature golf course here described by "Chick" Evans, the famous American player, was designed by him as a real aid to the game, and it has little affinity with the indoor, and less serious, pastime; nor must it be confused with certain small, "trick" seaside courses. In "Popular Mechanics" (for September), Mr. Evans describes his system in detail. "I really believe," he writes, "that I owe much of my golf success to my back- and side-yard course. . . . If no other ground is available, front walks and parkways (Photograph 2) can be used very nicely. . . . Anyone can have one of these courses, for the number of holes and actual size need not be the same. Just modify the plan

shown (in No. 1) to fit the ground available in your home situation. The same general plan, minus the pitch-shot, can be used for roofs. . . . If you are to use your course at night, you will need an electric light. In most cases, one light well placed will do the work nicely. . . . In order to aid your regular golf game, this miniature course should be refined on its top surface to give you what you would get playing on a regular course. They say that 45 per cent. of the game actually takes place on the green. About 7 per cent. more takes place just off it and not in traps. Therefore, if you conquer your miniature course, you will have control of your regular game."

MINIATURE GOLF PLAYED IN A RESTAURANT: A 9-HOLE COURSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



AN EX-OPEN CHAMPION INAUGURATES A LITTLE GOLF COURSE AT THE KIT-CAT: MR. ARTHUR HAVERS WAITING HIS TURN WHILE HIS OPPONENT (MR. HUGH ROBERTS) IS IN PLAY.

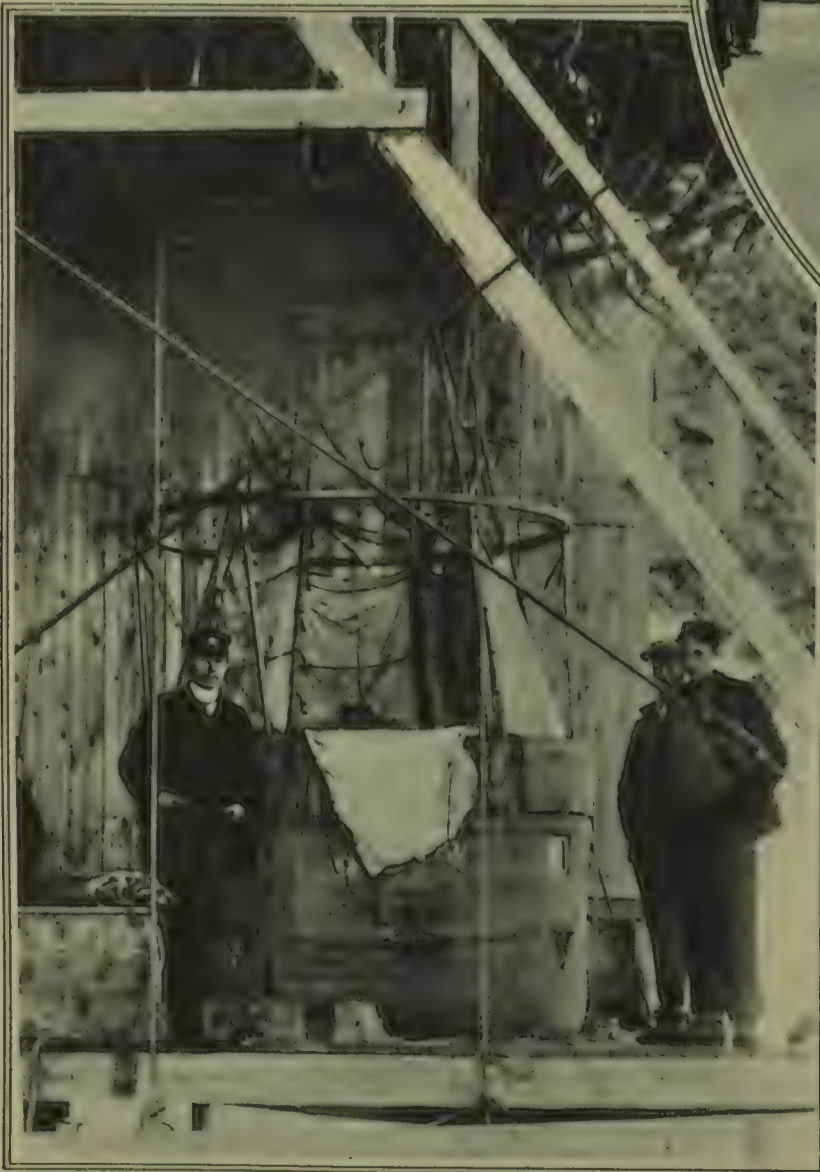
An attractive addition to the incidental or supplementary pleasures of dining has just been introduced at the Kit-Cat Restaurant, in the Haymarket, where an entertaining nine-hole golf course in miniature has been laid out in the Bray Room. It was inaugurated the other day by the well-known American golfer Mr. Arthur Havers, a former winner of the British Open Championship, who played an exhibition round with Mr. Hugh Roberts, as shown in our artist's drawing. Mr. Roberts, seen in play at the seventh hole, eventually won the

match. The nine "holes," which vary in shape, have a surface of very fine felt, about equal to a billiard cloth, and are enclosed by rubber "cushions." Sundry "bunkers"—in the shape of ditches, culverts, tunnels, and pairs of little pillars recalling croquet hoops—must be avoided or negotiated in getting the ball down a hole. Bogey for all the holes is 2. It is a game of skill, and not of chance, but less closely associated with real golf than the garden course of another famous American golfer, "Chick" Evans, illustrated opposite.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: A PAGE OF RECENT HAPPENINGS.



THE VESSEL THAT CARRIED THE DISCOVERERS OF ANDRÉE'S REMAINS: THE MOTOR-SHIP "BRATVAAG," IN WHICH DR. HORN'S NORWEGIAN EXPEDITION SAILED.



WITH ANDRÉE, WHOSE REMAINS HAVE BEEN FOUND, SEEN ON THE LEFT OF THE BASKET: THE EXPLORER'S BALLOON IN THE HANGAR BEFORE THE START OF THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION.

The motor-vessel "Bratvaag," of the Norwegian Franz Josef Land Expedition, arrived at Hasvik, on August 31, with the remains of the Swedish Andrée Expedition discovered on White Island. The Swedish Government has arranged that the gunboat "Svenskund," which took Andrée to Spitzbergen thirty-three years ago, be re-equipped to carry him home from Tromsø.



THE LOCATION OF THE WRECK OF THE "EGYPT," FROM WHICH IT IS HOPED TO SALVE BOTH GOLD AND SILVER: THE LINER BEFORE HER LAST VOYAGE, IN 1922.

It was reported from Brest on September 1 that the wreck of the "Egypt" had been located off I. de Sein (Brittany), at a depth of 400 ft. Later the salvage men brought one of her hydraulic cranes to the surface. It is hoped to recover the £839,000 of gold and £250,000 in silver in her strong-room. It will be remembered that the "Egypt" (a P. and O. liner) sank off Ushant in 1922, as the result of a collision with the French steamer "Seine."



THE "SURPRISE" VISIT PAID BY THE KING AND QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK: THEIR MAJESTIES ACCLAIMED AT THE GATEWAY OF GLAMIS CASTLE.

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke of York, visited the Duchess of York and her parents at Glamis Castle on August 30, and remained to luncheon. Their visit was kept a close secret, but the news spread quickly, and a large crowd saw the royal departure. A bulletin issued on August 30 stated that both the Duchess of York and the infant princess were "very well."



JAMES LINDSAY, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF THE BOYS' AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

James Lindsay, of Falkirk, won the Boys' Amateur Championship for the second year in succession on August 30, defeating James Todd, another Scottish lad of seventeen, at Fulwell, by nine and eight.



THE REV. WILLIAM A. SPOONER, D.D., FORMERLY WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE, WHO DIED ON AUGUST 29, AGED 86. After many years of service to his college, Dr. Spooner was elected to the Wardenship in 1903, in succession to Dr. Sewell. He was supposed to have originated the "Spoonerism."

FATHER OF THE NEW PRINCESS: THE KING'S SECOND SON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND E. DRUMMOND YOUNG, EDINBURGH.



THE DUKE OF YORK IN HIGHLAND DRESS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN THE UNIFORM OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, father of the baby Princess who may well be called the most-discussed infant of the moment, was married to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, on April 26, 1923. His first

daughter, Princess Elizabeth, was born on April 21, 1926; and his second daughter on August 21 last. At the moment he is, of course, in Scotland, and he was with the King and Queen when they visited the Duchess at Glamis Castle on August 30.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOTHING in the war was so astonishing, or so conducive, it may be, to ultimate victory, as the British soldier's humour. He was the Mark Tapley of the Allies, and his spirits rose as the military barometer fell. Among all the records of the indomitable cheeriness maintained by our men even in the darkest days and the most depressing circumstances, an immortal place is held by "THE WIPERS TIMES." Including for the first time in one volume a facsimile reproduction of the complete series of the famous war time Trench Magazines. Editor: Lieut.-Col. F. J. Roberts, M.C. Sub-Editor: Major J. H. Pearson, D.S.O., M.C. With a Foreword by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer. Illustrated (Eveleigh Nash and Grayson; 8s. 6d.). Though mainly, I imagine, the work of young officers, "The Wipers Times" and its "associated newspapers" faithfully reflect also the spirit of the rank and file. It numbered among its "literary stars," by the way, the author of "Journey's End," but I have not been able to spot any of R. C. Sherriff's contributions. Most of the writers conceal their identity under pseudonyms, initials, or anonymity.

Colonel Roberts provides a retrospective preface, written "twelve years after," besides another introductory note telling "how it happened," and written, apparently, while the war was still in progress, for he says: "At present it (a printing plant) is marooned in the care of an amiable town major at a dorp not far behind the line." Particularly interesting is the story of the journal's inception and the conditions in which it was produced. "Our paper was started (he writes) as the result of the discovery of an old printing-house just off the Square at Wipers. There were parts of the building remaining; the rest was on top of the press. The type was all over the countryside. One of our sergeants, by nature an optimist, and in a previous existence a printer, said he could make the press print. . . . As none of us were writing men, we just wrote down any old thing that came into our heads. . . . We lived in rat-infested, water-logged cellars by day, and at Hooze by night. The editorial den was in a case-mate under the old ramparts built by Vauban. . . . Have you ever sat in a trench in the middle of a battle and corrected proofs? That is what happened on the Somme, and 'The Somme Times' was the result. . . . Remember (he adds) that the hilarity was more often hysterical than natural, and that these are our first efforts at journalism."

Any inward hysteria, however, does not appear on the surface, and the standard of humour compares well with more professional efforts. Although certain topical and personal allusions may have lost their point for those not "in the know" at the time, such knowledge is not essential to an appreciation of most of the jokes, or of the volume as a whole. There is much light verse, facetious or satirical, with some good parodies; while the prose items include sprightly editorials, sketches, and dialogues, extracts from Pepsian diaries, "snappy" paragraphs, "comic strips," and, most entertaining of all, a wealth of mock advertisements.

One of these last has a literary touch (the originals, of course, are tabulated, and in capitals): "Publisher's Announcements. Messrs. Stodger and Stoutun. 'God's Good Man'—An Autobiography by William Hohenzollern (Author of 'The Innocents Abroad,' 'Misunderstood,' 'The Christian,' etc.). 'A Thief in the Night,' by Little Willie. 'The Last Hope'—Professor Hindenburg (Author of 'Westward Ho'). 'It's Never too Late to Mend'—Dr. Wilson. 'Eric, or Little by Little'—Dean Haig. 'The Cruise of the Catch-a-Lot'—by Bill Beatty."

It is characteristic of the Mark Tapley spirit that the most serious note in the volume occurs after the great danger was past. The Editorial of the issue for December 1918 says: "We cannot say that the majority of us took to soldiering kindly, but now that it is all over and we shall soon 'have our civvy clothes on' the reversion will be tinged with many regrets. One cannot but remark on the absolute apathy with which the end was received over here. . . . Anyway, though some may be sorry it's over, there is little doubt that the line men are not, as most of us have been cured of any little illusions we may have had about the pomp and glory of war, and know it for the vilest disaster that can befall mankind."

The idea that the spirit of an army conduces to victory does not seem quite to accord with the theory that "battles are won and lost in the minds of the commanders," which is described as the favourite maxim of the author of "THE REAL WAR." 1914-1918. By B. H. Liddell Hart. With

twenty-five Maps (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). In his epilogue summing up the causes of the result, Captain Hart writes: "Rather does the record of the last 'hundred days,' when thoroughly sifted, confirm the immemorial lesson of history—that the true aim in war is the mind of the enemy command and Government, not the bodies of their troops; that the balance of victory and defeat turns on mental impressions and only indirectly on physical blows. That in war, as Napoleon said and Foch endorsed, 'it is the man, not men, who counts.'" The beginning of the end Captain Hart finds in the success of the despised "side-show" at Salonika, and "the conviction of hopelessness" felt by the German leaders when the consequent



A FLYING WEATHER PROPHET ABOUT TO ASCEND IN A WEATHER-OBSERVING MACHINE: ADJUSTING ONE OF THE INSTRUMENTS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY REGISTER ALL THE CHANGES OF PRESSURE, MOISTURE, AND TEMPERATURE RECORDED DURING THE FLIGHT AND HAVE PLACE BENEATH THE AEROPLANE'S WINGS. Further photographs illustrating the same subject are on the opposite page.

Photograph by H. V. Stwolinski.

collapse of Bulgaria opened the back gate to Turkey and Austria, and through Austria to Germany. "The immediate issue of the war," he writes, "was decided on September 26th, decided in the mind of the German Command. Ludendorff and his associates had then 'cracked,' and the sound went echoing backwards until it had resounded throughout the whole of Germany."



AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A FLYING WEATHER PROPHET AND SHOWING THE METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF THE DISTRICT: HEAVY AIR OVER THE CITY (MUNICH) IN THE FOREGROUND; AND FINE WEATHER OVER THE STARNBERGER SEE AND OTHER LAKES, THE RIVER ISAR AND THE ALPINE FOOTHILLS (IN THE DISTANCE). See opposite Page.—[Photograph by Dr. Lautner.]

Explaining his own purpose, the author emphasises the importance of seeing the war in perspective and of disentangling its main threads from incidental personal adventures. "The trend of recent war literature," he points out, "is not merely individualistic, but focuses attention on the thoughts and feelings of some of the pawns of war." The wording of his title also indicates that the vast amount of authentic evidence now available—in the form of official archives and memoirs of statesmen and generals—has made it possible to write a "real" history of the war while such evidence can still be tested by the experience of participants. Captain Hart's book impresses

me as the work of one who has by an exhaustive study of authorities (enumerated in a long bibliography), got a grip of an immense subject. His method of outlining each year's events, and then describing the more important operations in a series of typical scenes, selected from the whole theatre of the world-wide struggle, tends to combine a comprehensive survey with a vivid narrative.

The next book on my list is a record of one man's doings, but hardly those of a "pawnee"—"FROM CHAUFFEUR TO BRIGADIER." By Brigadier-General C. D. Baker-Carr, C.M.G., D.S.O. Illustrated (Benn; 21s.). As the originator of the Machine Gun Corps, and afterwards Commander of the 1st Brigade of Tanks, General Baker-Carr is a pioneer of "mechanisation." His vivacious book relates his persistent and ultimately successful efforts to overcome prejudice in high quarters against such innovations. In connection with the two books already noted, we have been led to consider different phases of soldierly mentality—those of the young officer and of the high command. Here we get some caustic criticism on that of the army administrator. "Even to-day," the author writes, "the average Military Mind still 'shies' at the substitution of men by machinery. . . . Nothing stands still in this world except the Military Mind, which steadfastly refuses to look ahead, until it suddenly finds itself involved in a new conflict, having learned nothing, having forgotten nothing. In 1914, it still was thinking in terms of the Boer War; at the beginning of the Boer War it thought in terms of the Crimea; at the beginning of the Crimea, it thought in terms of Waterloo. As a matter of fact, to say that the Military Mind *thinks* is a misleading statement. It does not think in the true sense of the word; it all does is to react along certain well-defined, stereotyped lines."

Whoever may have discouraged the development of the Machine Gun Corps, it was not Lord Kitchener. "No one," writes the author, "could have been more kind and considerate." His first interview with the great man occurred during Lord Kitchener's visit to G.H.Q. in 1915, and it was during his inspection of the Machine Gun School that he made to the author a remark often printed incorrectly—"If the war has done nothing else, it has produced two remarkable 'dug-outs,' you and myself." The second interview took place later, at the War Office, and shows that K. of K. was by no means a "brake" upon the wheels of progress. "I first went," we read, "to the office of the Director of Military Training, whom I had never met before. My reception here was positively frigid. 'I understand that Lord Kitchener wishes to see me about the formation of the Machine Gun Corps,' I began timidly. 'The Secretary of State has seen fit to disregard the advice of myself and the other Directors of the War Office until he has consulted Major Baker-Carr. Good morning!' I faded from the office. Nobody seemed to like me. The best thing I could do was to go straight to K's office." He did; and Lord Kitchener, after courteously listening to him for half an hour, granted his request for 40,000 men, and said: "I'll order a meeting of the Directors of the War Office at half-past two this afternoon, to draw up the Army Order. You will attend. If anybody raises objections, you can tell them that I said it would be all right."

Three other books should by no means be overlooked by readers of military annals. One is an excellent regimental record, lavishly illustrated (in colour and otherwise) entitled "A HISTORY OF THE QUEEN'S BAYS" (the 2nd Dragoon Guards), 1685-1929. By Frederic Whyte and A. Hilliard Atteridge. From Material Collected by Major H. W. Hall. With Foreword by Lord Allenby, and forty-two Maps and Plans (Cape; 35s.). The second is the autobiography (told by another hand) of a famous American soldier who, in the Great War, received the Congressional Medal of Honour for an amazing single-handed exploit. His career is recorded in colloquial style, rather highly coloured with American slang, in "WOODFILL OF THE REGULARS." A True Story of Adventure from the Arctic to the Argonne. By Lowell Thomas. Illustrated (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.).

Finally comes a volume of sixteen biographical studies, from naval and military history of various periods, entitled "SERVICE TRIALS AND TRAGEDIES." By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.). The tragedies include those of Admiral Byng, the Prince Imperial, and the massacre at Isandhlwana, while the Great War is touched in the story of Edith Cavell. Among the "trials" are the Dreyfus case and the curious incident of the dislodgment and replacement of the Logan Rock, near Land's End, by a grand-nephew of Oliver Goldsmith.—C. E. B.

A FLYING WEATHER PROPHET: "SNAPS" FROM HIS AERIAL OBSERVATORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. LAUTNER.



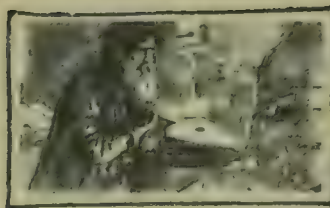
MUNICH AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN OFFICIAL WEATHER PROPHET FLYING ABOVE IT ON A SUNNY DAY IN ORDER TO OBSERVE THE METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS: THE EXHALATIONS OF THE CITY SEEN AS A VEIL OF FOG PIERCED BY SPIRES, FACTORY-CHIMNEYS, AND THE TWIN TOWERS OF THE FAMOUS FRAUENKIRCHE.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A FLIGHT BY A GERMAN WEATHER PROPHET EMPLOYED TO REPORT UPON METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS WITH A VIEW TO MAKING CIVIL AVIATION SAFER: A CUMULUS LAYER WITH "CLOUDY TOWERS" RISING FROM IT AND BLOWN OUT OF THE PERPENDICULAR BY THE WIND AT A HEIGHT OF 11,500 FEET.

Aerial travel not being as independent of the weather as all would like to see it, the German Air Ministry, as well as others, takes every precaution to prevent aeroplane accidents arising from meteorological causes. The Reich Government has "spread" an "aerological net" which comprises five centres from which flights to test the weather are made—Hamburg, Berlin, Königsberg, Darmstadt, and Munich. The idea is to ascertain flight-conditions for passenger-carrying machines. The aeroplane making the test—the first to ascend every day—climbs

to 18,000 ft., which is considered the best altitude for taking observations such as these. Each of these meteorological centres is managed by an expert who undertakes every flight personally, and is assisted by a capable pilot flying a powerful all-weather machine. During the flight the meteorologist takes notes of the visibility, air-currents, ground fog conditions, and, if possible, also supplements his readings by photographs. At the same time, two automatic instruments on the aeroplane record the changes of pressure, temperature, and moisture.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE INFANCY OF THE LIMPET.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH a citizen of no mean city, I confess I would rather live in the "wilds," though these are growing fewer and fewer and more and more circumscribed. My most cherished retreats

But the adult limpet has to crawl on his belly all the days of his life. It was otherwise in the days of his early youth. For then he roamed the open sea, and could bask in the sunshine at the surface. This

is the "larval" stage; and microscopic in the matter of size. In Fig. 1, a successive series of developmental stages will be seen. Swimming is performed by the rapid vibration of the excessively delicate, hair-like threads known as the "cilia." Every day increasing in size, there gradually comes into being a small shell, quite unlike that of the adult, till at last this grows too heavy, and so the little body settles down and turns into the limpet as we



FIG. 1. MICROSCOPIC LARVAL LIMPETS THAT SWIM BY RAPID VIBRATION OF THE TINY HAIRS GROWING ROUND THEIR BODIES: THE INITIAL STAGES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THESE ROVING YOUNGSTERS INTO THE FAMILIAR "STAY-AT-HOME" ADULT ROCK LIMPET.

The familiar adult of the limpet has a cone-shaped shell, and when it is resting high and dry the shell is pulled down close to the rock, to preserve the moisture in the gill chamber. The limpet, however, begins life as a minute ciliated body, and gradually develops a delicate transparent shell very different from that of the adult. Movement in these larval stages is by means of a ring of vibratile cilia (hairs).

are one by one discovered to be "ripe for development." Hotels, bands, piers, cinemas, "winter-gardens," paved "promenades" swarming with motor-cars and motor-cycles, transform what was once a haven of rest into a place of torment. And the pity of it is that each of these new "health-resorts" is exactly like every other around the coast. And those who flock there haven't the remotest interest in the sea other than as a place for "mixed bathing" in bizarre costumes, or of the surrounding country save as a region to be explored by "charabancs" with a crowd!

But let me draw attention to one or two of the "common objects of the sea-shore," such as may be found in any rock-pool in any of the restful spots I am alluding to; for they will prove interesting to youngsters as well as to tired grown-ups. The sole drawback to my theme is that only one aspect of these "objects" can be seen by the inexperienced, but that other hidden aspect adds immensely to the interest of what can be seen. We are often told, "the child is the father of the man." What like is the infant limpet? As an adult he may certainly pass for one of the unemployed, for you have to keep a very intent watch on a limpet before you will see him make a move, even for something to eat! On every rock-limpet you will see limpets by the hundred. And so long as they are high and dry they will remain absolutely motionless. Put a spot of red paint on a shell, and a ring of the same colour around it, choosing

a specimen that will enable you to inspect the spot after the tide has risen. You may see him take his departure, on a hunt for food; probably you will not. But at next low tide you will find him in the same spot, and lying exactly within the ring that was painted round the shell. Here, indeed, is a wonderful example of the "homing" instinct. Every single limpet on that rock-face in like manner returns to his own spot.

see it on the rock-face to-day. This is strange enough. It becomes still stranger, surely, when we reflect that this procession of stages has been going on since Silurian times; that is to say, for millions of years. Whole continents have changed their shapes several times since then. Where the fossil remains are now found was once the sea-floor. And it has been alternately dry land and sea-floor many times since the first patella, as we know it, came into being. I say "as we know it" advisedly. For there must have been a time when the adult patella was quite unlike the patella of to-day. And we may take it that these successive larval stages are reminiscent of so many adult stages before the final one was reached.

This, I know, is heresy to-day; for some learned men assure us that the theory of "recapitulation," which I have just briefly outlined, has no foundation in fact. These larval stages, they will tell you, are "cænogenetic" stages—new adjustments to the condition of larval life. But they aren't so very new, since they have endured so many millions of years. For we may rest assured that if the limpet of to-day has to assume these varied forms before attaining to its final form, the limpet of Silurian times could proceed by no shorter cut.

Let me take another, and clearer, case. This is furnished by that starfish-like creature the "Rosy feather-star" (*Antedon*), which, though not common, may be found in quiet coves, as at Torquay, for example. From a central pentagonal disc grow long, feather-like arms, and at its base are a number of tentacle-like feet, by which the little creature—some 4 in. across—anchors itself to weeds, or the upstanding tubes of marine worms. At need it will relax its hold and crawl away to a new spot. This is its final adult stage.

Before this it was attached to a long, jointed stalk, showing then, clearly enough, that it is not really a starfish, but a crinoid. And the crinoids, or sea-lilies, it may be remembered, in olden days overspread the sea-floor like a waving corn-field. Their dead bodies now form part of our land-surfaces—and furnish the mantelpieces of "encrinital-limestone"



FIG. 3. THE LAST STAGES IN THE CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTAL PROCESS OF *ANTEDON*: ON THE RIGHT, THE CRINOID STAGE, WHEN THE BODY SWAYS BACK AND FORTH ON A SLENDER STEM; ON THE LEFT THE FINAL STAGE, THE ADULT "ROSY FEATHER-STAR" (*ANTEDON*).

The crinoid stage (right) shows the Rosy feather-star to be one of the sea-lilies or crinoids. Later it breaks away from the flexible stalk and clings with a circlet of tentacle-like feet.

right is the "crinoid stage," where the body sways back and forth on a slender and supple-jointed stalk, anchored by "tentacle-like" feet. On the left we have the adult "Rosy feather-star."

Here, surely, is a case of "recapitulation"—that is to say, of the "climbing of the ancestral tree," each individual passing through successive ancestral stages—that is to say, of one of the final adult stages—in the course of its own life-history. And here again this pageant of life has been enacted in precisely the same way for millions of years; for the history of *Antedon* takes us back to the Lias. The Lias limestones of Leicestershire were laid down on the sea-floor. And this area of England has been alternately dry land and sea-bed several times since then. Our learned men of science must "scrap" their much-beloved term "cænogenetic," or "new," stages; that is evident. Call them "bridging" stages if you will; but stages which have been repeated in every generation—and there is no escape from this conclusion—for millions of years can scarcely be called "new"!



FIG. 2. A FURTHER DEVELOPMENTAL STAGE IN THE LARVA OF *ANTEDON*: WITHIN THE TRANSPARENT BARREL-SHAPED LARVAL BODY, THE SKELETON OF THE LATER CRINOID STAGE OF THE *ANTEDON* CAN BE SEEN DEVELOPING.



FIG. 4. THE MICROSCOPIC LARVA OF THE "ROSY FEATHER-STAR" (*ANTEDON*)—A STARFISH-LIKE CREATURE: A FREE-SWIMMING LARVA, WHICH, LIKE THAT OF THE LIMPET, LATER DEVELOPS INTO A PRACTICALLY STATIONARY ADULT.

In this early stage in the larval life of the Rosy feather-star the body is barrel-shaped, surrounded by a series of hoops bearing vibratile cilia to serve the process of locomotion.



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

MORE CHINESE FOLK-LORE: THE EIGHT IMMORTALS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

one of them she appears as the poor little Cinderella of China, enslaved by a cruel stepmother, working day and night in menial tasks. She had vowed never to marry—again one notes the ascetic ideal that is the foundation of so many religions—and the stepmother, in consequence, treated her worse

riotous living. His attributes are invariably a bamboo drum and a pair of rods. These are by no means distinct in Mr. Nott's example, but in many representations of this not very reputable personage the two rods are easily recognised—they stick out exactly like a pair of golf-clubs. On his white donkey he would ride thousands of *li* per day, and when he stopped for rest he would fold up the ass like a piece of paper and put it in his cap box. The next morning he would take out the little beast from the box, squirt water on it from his mouth, and there was his faithful white donkey again. He was summoned to Court by the notorious Empress Wu, but feigned death, and to such good purpose that all the signs of putrefaction appeared in his body, and the messengers returned without him. On another occasion he delighted the Emperor by changing his young disciple into a wine cup, and presenting it to him. An even greater feat was his triumphant survival when the Emperor had aconite put in his wine. Chang Kuo collapsed, but speedily recovered. His teeth grew black and receded in his gums, but he knocked them out and

THIS is hardly the place to attempt to define just where folk-lore ends and religion begins. One is inclined to call the legends of one's own faith religious, and those of other people merely magical. If then what follows may appear odd to the Westerner, it is only fair to point out that the personages illustrated here and their stories have charmed and edified countless millions of Chinese during several hundred years.

It is not possible to embark upon any but the most superficial investigation of the artistic things that have come down to us from the past of China without meeting in one form or another the eight sages who are the subject of this article. One finds them represented on paintings, on pottery and porcelain, and in countless wood-cuts. They are



FIG. 1. THE WORK OF A POTTER WITH A WONDERFUL SENSE OF FORM AND RHYTHM: LAN TS'AI-HO WITH A FLOWERING SPRAY (LEFT); AND TS'AO KUO-CHIU WITH HIS CHEERFUL ATTRIBUTE, THE CASTANETS.

than ever. The Patriarch Lü found her busy in the kitchen. Impressed by her modesty and good sense, he took pity upon her, and as he carried her away to Paradise she still grasped in her hand the ladle she was using. In many representations of this saint she appears with her ladle—in others, as on this page, she carries a lotus flower.

Another version of her story is, briefly, as follows. One day she was out walking and met the Patriarch Lü, who gave her a peach. "Eat it," he said. "Eat it all—and some day the time will come for you to soar on high." She ate the peach, and was away for a whole month, though she thought it was only for a single day—so entranced was she by the contemplation of higher things. From that time she felt no hunger, and in due course was released from the trammels of the flesh.

The remaining six immortals are somewhat less saintly, but all the more astonishing. Chang Kuo Lao (Fig. 2, left) was a notable magician, given to



FIG. 2. CHANG KUO LAO, A NOTABLE MAGICIAN WHO WAS GIVEN TO RIOTOUS LIVING, AND IS PORTRAYED CARRYING HIS BAMBOO DRUM AND STICKS (LEFT); AND CHUNG-LI CH'UAN, ONCE A GENERAL UNDER THE HAN EMERORS, CARRYING A FAN.

among the most popular characters of that vast network of legends which, under the name of Taoism, has long been the religion of the people. The system of ethics founded by Confucius was adequate for the educated; the ignorant required something more highly spiced, and the natural materialism of the Chinese was adequately catered for by this semi-Buddhistic, wonderfully tolerant, and extremely entertaining form of religion.

I illustrate that very rare thing, an early set of the Eight, and note, for the benefit of the beginner, their respective attributes. These remarkable statuettes of porcelaneous stoneware (they are about eleven inches in height) belonged to the late Mr. R. H. Benson, and were exhibited at the 1910 Exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. They are of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1643 A.D.), and to the best of my knowledge, are the finest of their kind in England. The glazes are typical of their period—turquoise, aubergine, and brownish-yellow. The flesh is in biscuit, covered with dull gilding. There are a few minor restorations—not all the attributes are immediately recognisable, for example, but that in no way detracts from their importance. They now belong to Mr. Charles Nott. The chief personage of the Eight is Lü Tung-Pin (Fig. 4, left), the patron saint of, in some places (and heaven knows why), jugglers; in others, barbers. He is the literary member of the group, 8 ft. 2 inches in height, the Pure One of Subtle Intellect who, as a child, could memorise thousands of lines a day. Before he attained beatification, he emerged unscathed from ten extraordinary ordeals, not the least of which was one similar to that of St. Anthony.

Perhaps Ho Hsien-Ku (Fig. 1, right) is the most notable of the group, because she is the only woman in it. There are various accounts of her life. In



FIG. 3. TWO OF THE EIGHT SAGES OF THE TAOIST RELIGION: LI TIEH KUI, THE IMMORTAL BEGGAR, SEEN LEANING ON HIS CRUTCH (LEFT); AND HAN HSIANG TZU WITH A FLUTE.

wrapped them up in his girdle. Then he rubbed his gums, and behold, a new set of teeth grew, as white and glistening as finest jade. He was an adept at regulating the breath. This was an important part of the method of attaining longevity, and was no doubt a Yogi exercise introduced from India. Twentieth-century deep-breathing fads are no very new thing.

Chung-Li Ch'uan (Fig. 2, right)—whose attribute is a fan—was a general under the Han Emperors, the son of a lesser princeling. He was marked out for greatness from birth, for his lips and cheeks were the colour of cinnabar, his ears were large, his nose prominent, the top of his head dome-like, and he never spoke a word till he was seven years of age. Li Tieh Kuai (Fig. 3, left)—the Beggar Immortal—is easily recognised by his crutch. He was once a handsome young man, but remained absent in the spirit for so long that his friends thought he was dead, and burnt his body; his spirit then entered the corpse of a man who had just died of starvation. Another version says that his body was eaten by a tiger while the spirit was absent; a crippled beggar died at the moment of its return, and the saint took on the mortal envelope of the beggar. The remaining three immortals have no particular interest, except as colleagues of these notable five.

In conclusion, a word in praise of the unknown Ming potter. It will be agreed that he had a wonderful sense of form and rhythm and a robust mind: the features are sharply differentiated, and are of great subtlety. These statuettes can well be compared in spirit with many a Miserere seat in an English church. The mediæval European was on very familiar terms with his saints: perhaps he was not so very far removed from the mediæval Chinaman.



FIG. 4. CHINESE "SAINTS" MODELLED BY A CRAFTSMAN UNDER THE MING DYNASTY (1368-1643): LÜ TUNG-PIN, PATRON OF JUGGLERS OR BARBERS (LEFT); AND THE FEMALE SAGE HO HSIEN-KU, A CHINESE "CINDERELLA" WHO FOUND HER WAY TO PARADISE.

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LIGHT OR DARK – THE DRINK FOR A LORDLY THIRST

MARINE CARAVANNING.—XCVII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

THE modern craze for lightness appears to me to be overdone where vessels are concerned. If their designers are to be believed, the wonderful seaworthiness claimed for some of the new ocean-going motor-yachts is attributable to their lightness; they are like cockle-shells on the water, in fact. Personally, I cannot see that they are any better sea-boats than yachts of twenty years ago. Theoretically, a light boat should ride a sea more easily, and be both faster and burn less fuel than a heavy ship. In practice, however, these advantages often cease to exist. For example, a tramp steamer that can attain eight knots when deeply loaded can seldom steam at much more than nine knots when she is light, and when in the latter trim in heavy weather she may often prove slower than when loaded. This is not solely caused by her propeller being more deeply immersed when she is loaded. Modern eight-oared racing skiffs are built so light that, after they have been used for a season, their sides tend to corrugate (causing a loss of speed), and because of their lightness they "lose their weigh" so rapidly as to make their progress a series of clearly-defined jerks.

Many years ago, I left England in a 4000-ton passenger ship on a voyage to Australia via South Africa. Another vessel of 12,000 tons took her departure at the same time, and as long as fair weather lasted we could hold our own, and even gain a little on the other ship. When, however, any wind or sea arose, we were left behind, though we were still able to proceed at our full speed. In consequence, we reached our destination one day after our rival, though in smooth water the speeds

of the two ships were exactly the same. The weight of the other ship carried her through.

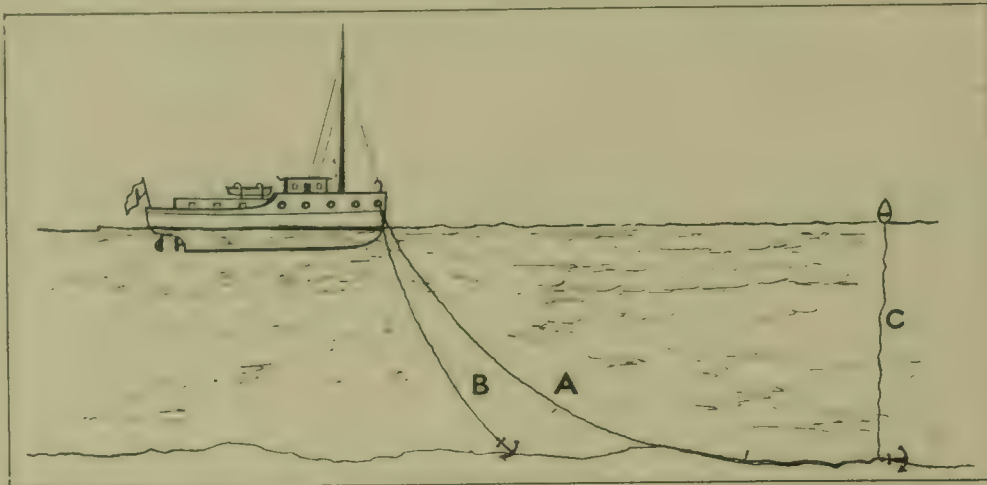
Many small yachts and motor-cruisers are not scientifically designed in the first place as far as the placing of their weights is concerned, and, in consequence, their trim is adjusted after they have been launched by means of ballast. The addition of ballast to a vessel is, of course, in most cases, essential. I always feel, however, that the inside ballast of a boat never quite "pulls its weight." It should be made use of not only as ballast, but

only thing possible under such conditions was to attempt to anchor the ship, and this was obviously tried. Unfortunately, the anchor dragged, and the vessel drifted on to the lee shore and was wrecked.

Now, an experienced seaman pays out (veers) more cable (if he has sufficient) in bad weather than when it is calm, for he knows that it is not the anchor alone that holds the ship, but the weight of the cable acting in conjunction with it. Safety lies, therefore, in paying out more cable as the strain on it becomes greater. Unfortunately, yachts seldom carry long cables because of the extra weight they entail in the bows of the boat.

It is quite easy to carry a long cable without making the boat "nose heavy," if some of it is stowed in such a manner as to make it act as ballast. Chain cable makes admirable ballast, for it is heavy and unlikely to shift in bad weather, whilst it is easily removed when necessary. I advocate, therefore, that several separate lengths of chain be carried in lieu of, and in the same place as, the usual kind of ballast. The initial cost would be greater than that of iron ingots, but the added safety and greater sense of security would be worth it. In emergency the various lengths of chain would be available for lengthening the bow cable, and thus provide the means whereby the danger of dragging the anchor would be remote. In submarines, the fuel-tanks are often in direct communication with the sea water by means of a pipe. When full of fuel they contain

no water, but as the fuel is expended water comes in to take its place. The two never mix, of course. In this way the tanks are always full of ballast of some sort, even when the fuel is almost exhausted. The tanks are filled by means of a small force-pump, and as the fuel is introduced the water is pushed out automatically. Electric batteries also make good ballast.



AN EXPEDIENT THAT, IT IS SUGGESTED, MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED THE RECENT TRAGIC WRECK OF THE YACHT "ISLANDER": THE ADVANTAGES OF USING A LONG LENGTH OF ANCHOR CABLE DIAGRAMMATICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

When anchoring, safety lies in employing a long length of cable, as shown at A in the above diagram; for by this means the anchor is driven more deeply into the ground, and the length of the cable itself acts as a restraining spring in preventing jerks. With a short length of cable, as at B there is a tendency for the anchor to "break out" of the ground and for dragging to occur. An anchor buoy, as at C, should always be secured to an anchor to indicate its position should the cable break.

for other purposes also. There are several ways by means of which this can be done, and one of them is suggested by the recent sad tragedy which resulted in the loss of six experienced yachtsmen's lives. From the meagre evidence available, it appears that the engine of the *Islander* had broken down, and either the mast or sails had carried away. The

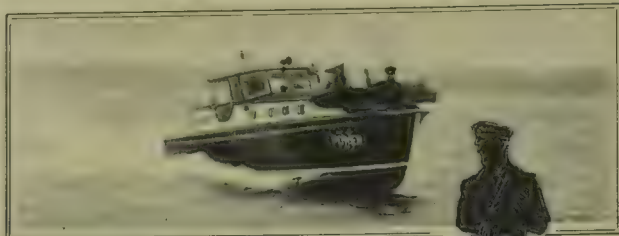
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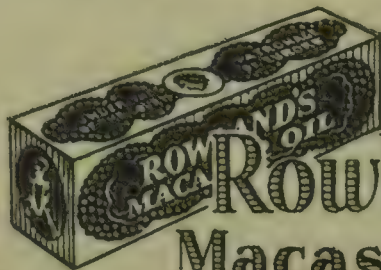
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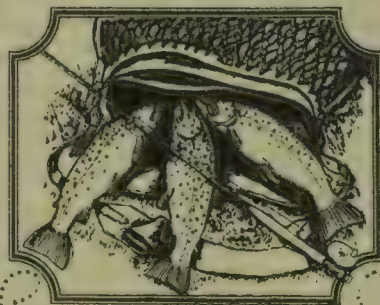
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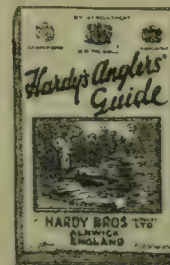
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REMARKABLE "FINDS" FROM LURISTAN.

(Continued from Page 388.)

to hold a lining. The rings for the reins are turned in opposite directions, as on Scythian bits (Fig. 7). There are innumerable harness rings of different types and sizes, and some bells, large and small, and one quite elaborate frontal. The chariot fittings are primarily long pins or spikes with decorative ends, and there are a few hub caps. In addition to these there is a series of decorative objects, composed principally of confronted animals that fit on top of bottle-shaped bases, which can now be only vaguely classed as "ceremonial" objects. Most of all these objects are in a bronze composed largely of copper that has taken the characteristic green patina. A few, however, are in another composition that has maintained its golden-brown tone, and a few are in a glossy black speculum.

The pieces are sufficiently varied in style to indicate that interments extended over a long period. A sequence of them shows, first, a gradual conventionalisation and loss of character, and then what is apparently a subsequent naturalistic revival in the direction of a very sophisticated and perfectly controlled art; quite the usual cycle. But throughout these changes certain motives persist: bulls (Fig. 9), winged bulls, and a man with a bull head-dress with a variant in sphinx form; ibex and winged ibex; deer; ducks, geese, and cocks' heads; wheels and a rosette form; horses; lions and winged lions; serpents and toads, and a recurrent design of the primitive man struggling either with the lions or the serpents. These motives throw an interesting light on pre-Zoroastrian religion, which will be discussed in a subsequent article.

In addition to their obvious beauty and to this iconographical interest, the find is important because of the relations it bears to a variety of cultures. Certain pieces have close resemblances to Sumerian objects. A dagger with disc incrustations, short hilt, and pierced hole for a cord (Fig. 1) is very close to a more sumptuous gold dagger from Ur. An adze-head is essentially parallel to an Ur adze-head (Fig. 2). Rein rings have a similar use of attached animals. A Syrian bronze that Dr. Hall dates 2000-1500 B.C. shows the same style of large-headed, open-mouthed

lion that is used on a Luristan harness-ring (Fig. 21). One style of Luristan bit is very close to Assyrian bits shown in reliefs at Numrud. An axe-head shows marked similarities with a Hittite axe-head in the Department of Antiquities of Jerusalem, and another seems to be almost a replica in essential features of one held by the chieftain in the Hittite relief of Boghaz Keui.

Resemblances to Scythian work are especially numerous and striking. In general, there is a certain affinity in spirit and in expression between these two animal arts, but there are more specific points of contact also; for example, a hub cap that shows the dismemberment of animals typical of some Scythian design. It is, moreover, noteworthy that the lion, which is not indigenous to Scythia, when it appears in Scythian art is in the same pose as the animals on the Luristan bits; the body being in profile relief, the head being fully modelled and affronted. The indigenous Scythian animals, on the other hand, are in full profile, suggesting that both the motive and the convention of the lion were taken over by the Scyths from the Luristan or a related culture. There are even interesting resemblances to the Siberian and Chinese styles that are continuous with the Scythian style, notably in a conventionalised lion head that is so close to elementary forms of the Tao T'ieh, that a more than fortuitous relation seems indicated (Fig. 18). There are Achæmenian relations also. The famous bracelet of the Louvre finds a more primitive prototype in the Boston speculum bracelet with confronted ibex heads, and some of axe-heads and copper beakers are quite Achæmenian.

It is too early to announce any conclusions concerning the date of these pieces. The first suggestions vary from 2000 B.C. to A.D. 200, obviously too wide limits. The question is being studied by various specialists, and an exhaustive monograph in preparation by Professor Rostovtzeff may bring a final solution. On the one hand, we have very close approximations to Achæmenian (550-330 B.C.) style in some pieces that are obviously the latest; and, on the other, relations to Sumerian and Syrian objects, which must be placed in the third millennium B.C., are so close that it is incredible that an indefinite period could have elapsed between the two. The

similarity of some burial customs to those of Elam, and the close relations to datable Hittite styles, all present a rather bewildering complex of evidence. It is quite probable that the find covers a considerable period of time, and will have to be dated in groups. On the other hand, this may be an eclectic art of a later date, say, 1000 to 500 B.C., which concentrates in a few centuries a wide variety of inherited styles.

The experts and the general public will have ample opportunity to decide this problem for themselves at the forthcoming Persian Exhibition, as practically all the finest pieces will be shown there; and in the special Comparative and Historical Section examples will be shown juxtaposed with the related pieces from various other cultures.

We have received a copy of the "Architectural Review" for August, a very interesting number which is especially devoted to the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts now in progress in Stockholm. It includes an introduction written by Baron Remel, the Swedish Foreign Minister, and an article on Sweden's social and industrial progress by Sir Harold Wernher, President of the Anglo-Swedish Society, in addition to forty pages of illustrations showing examples of Swedish furniture, glass, textiles, metal-work, interior decoration, commercial printing, book-binding, and so on. Without a doubt the "Architectural Review" for August will have a wide appeal for a large number of people both in this country and in Sweden.

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"A MURDER-MYSTERY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY."

(Continued from Page 392.)

necessity of coming to terms with Elizabeth, she had decided upon compromise. Philip II., when asked shortly before the tragedy of Kirk o' Field whether he was prepared to help her, replied that he did not feel inclined to do so "now." The "now" is significant. It meant that she was no longer a willing tool in the hands of the Jesuits and the Counter-Reformation.

In April 1567, Sir Henry Norris, English Ambassador in Paris, wrote: "As at first I thought, herein I remain not to be removed, which was that the original of that fact (the death of Darnley) came from hence (Paris)." From this curious statement General Mahon infers that the plot was directed by the extreme Catholic party in Paris. This party had, he thinks, promised Darnley their support. They had sent over their able representative, Father Edmund Hay; Philip II. was expected at any moment in the Low Countries. From there it would be an easy matter to send over 10,000 Spanish troops, and, once the lukewarm Queen was out of the way, to win back Scotland to an undiluted Catholicism. The conspiracy had much in common with the Gunpowder Plot.

The man who engineered it (General Mahon thinks) was not Darnley but Sir James Balfour. "It was Balfour who induced Darnley to refuse Craigmillar and go to Kirk o' Field; Balfour who had all the facilities to prepare the latter place for the gunpowder plot; Balfour who, in the first burst of candour, was said to have purchased gunpowder; he who, in all the depositions and confessions, is named as the deviser of it all. . . . He it was who before the death of Riccio was held to be in the secret councils

of that person as to foreign machinations tending to the downfall of the Protestant lords. He again who, after the death of Riccio, was said to have "understood most of the secrets and proceedings between France and the Queen . . . (in which) will appear hard dealings of some against the Queen's Majesty my Sovereign and her Country."

There is a quantity of evidence to show that the Queen was expected to return to Kirk o' Field from Holyrood that Sunday night. Darnley (General Mahon suggests) meant to slip out just before her return, having caused the fuse to be lighted so as to fire the charge at the moment when she was in the Salle, taking leave of her nobles. He would make for Holyrood, carry off the infant James, and have himself proclaimed King.

Why, then, was he killed? Here we come to the second plot. News of Darnley's treachery leaked through to Bothwell, General Mahon believes; and Bothwell reported it to the Queen at Holyrood. He wrung from her consent that he should return to Kirk o' Field (perhaps impersonating her: she was fond of going about in male attire) and arrest Darnley. General Mahon, who is charitably disposed toward Mary, does not think that, even with this provocation, she intended her husband's death. But Bothwell felt no such tenderness, and his men, coming on the unlucky Darnley slipping out of the house, instantly killed him.

It is a fascinating theory, most plausibly convincingly stated, and pro-Marians will welcome it, for the service it does her reputation. I do not feel competent to pronounce upon its probability. If it were the true explanation, why did Mary withhold it when she was accused of Darnley's death? And why has no one thought of it till now? Moreover, was Mary's adherence to the Roman Catholic Church as feeble as General Mahon makes out?

But, even if he cannot quite persuade us to believe his own solution, his criticism of other explanations is so destructive that it is almost equally difficult to accept them. "Kirk o' Field" is a wonderful piece of special pleading, and a brilliant and enthralling book.—L. P. H.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

(Continued from Page 400.)

sets up a milliner's shop; and here "Almond," hysterical refugee from imagined marital harshness, joins her. Their joint *ménage* is not really happy, and is looked on askance by the townsfolk; it is a convenience to the volatile "Almond," who breaks away once to resume married life, and a second time to find another husband. To Goosey it is a matter of life and death. Miss Royde-Smith has made an absorbing story out of this painful theme; but her attitude hesitates between sympathy and satire, which results in an imperfect work of art.

Sanger's Circus, which owed its existence to Miss Margaret Kennedy, is evidently a travelling show, for we find it in America under the name of the Bateman Family, and embellished with more geniuses than its creator allotted to it. Nancy, whom Elena Bateman adopted and brought up as her own child, is not a constant nymph, however. She is a very ordinary young woman, quite incapable of holding her own in the Bateman circle. But she is attractive enough to win the love of Elena's husband. Storms and scenes ensue, for the Batemans are not used to being slighted. Miss Cram is to be congratulated on "Madder Music"; it is a *virtuoso* performance, rapid, brilliant, highly finished.

The same may be said of "Backwater," though the characters are drawn from a different walk of life, and much more scope is given to the play of natural forces. It is, indeed, a natural force—the Mississippi—which determines the course of the story. Protected by its banks, or "levées," a motley group of persons, mostly engaged in evading the law ply their dubious trades. The banks break; the floods come; it is a case of *saute qui peut*. Mr. Stribling's imagination is fully equal to the occasion. The inundation does not overwhelm his narrative—it irrigates it. "Backwater" is a most readable and entertaining book.

Mr. Campbell has avoided both the Scylla and the Charybdis that await novels about slaves. His negroes are neither patient saints ground under the heel of the white oppressor, nor are they shy and half-savage animals, cared for and fed by a benevolent paterfamilias. They, like the stage coaches, are fitted into the landscape and belong there, they are neither good nor bad, they are part of the life of the time. Many of the scenes in "Old Miss" that involve a crowd—bustle, laughter, light, hospitality—are excellently drawn. One wears a little, however, of the historic present and the sharp, jerky sentences.

The subject of "Haxby's Circus" is the life of a provincial circus in Australia. Crippled by an accident, the heroine, a bareback rider, turns her attention to the business side of the enterprise, and manages it successfully. Miss Prichard's unpretentious, straightforward story has no remarkable individuality; it owes its chief interest, perhaps, to its subject.

"Murder Off Broadway" is distinguished from the great mass of detective stories by the motive for the murder, which is adequate without being obvious. The method used by the murderer, on the other hand, is so unobvious as to be hardly credible. The characters are good of their kind, but they are stock figures: a hectoring policeman, a talented amateur. The book is an average entertainment, no more.

Hawker's famous Vicarage at Morwenstow, Cornwall, which was in danger of sale, owing to the present Vicar's stipend being insufficient to keep it up, was saved last year by raising a fund—generously supported—to increase the incumbent's resources. A fresh appeal is now made on behalf of St. Mark's School at Morwenstow, which was built by Hawker in 1843, and is the subject of one of his poems. The scheme is to enlarge the class-rooms and grounds, improve the sanitary conditions, and provide means for the study of fruit-growing and poultry and bee-keeping. The school holds the County Shield for gardening, and one pupil was recently bracketed third, out of 6940 candidates, for a Minor Scholarship, which was awarded to her at the County School at Bude. The sum needed for the projected improvements at the Morwenstow School is £300. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. K. Waddon Martyn, Tonacombe Manor, Morwenstow, Cornwall.



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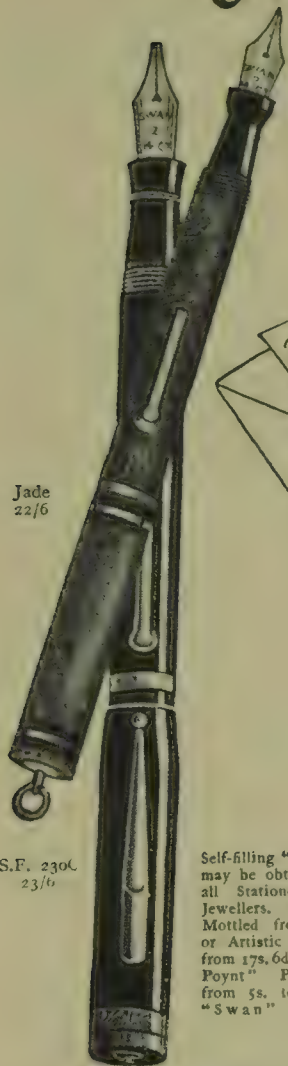
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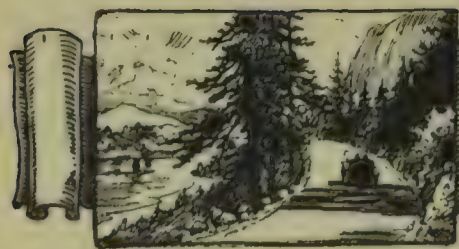
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

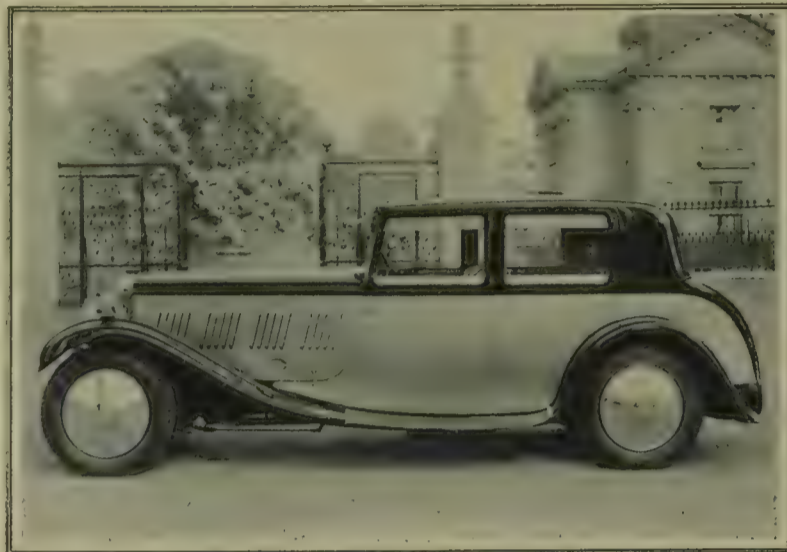
By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

WHILE everybody hoped that England would win the Royal Automobile Club's 410 miles' Tourist Trophy motor-race over the Ards Circuit at Belfast, no one grudged the Italians their victory, as they thoroughly deserved it. I was glad to be present, as I have never missed any of these Tourist Trophy events. In their year of initiation, 1905, in the Isle of Man, Mr. J. S. Napier, driving an 18-h.p. Arrol-Johnston car, won, averaging 33 miles per hour. This August, twenty-five years later, Signor T. Nuvolari won on a six-cylinder 16-h.p. Alfa-Romeo car, averaging a speed of 70.88 miles per hour. Thus has time, experience, and demand improved the sports touring motor-car. Moreover, this supercharged four-seater only weighed 21 cwt., yet held the road like a leech. As the first three to finish the race were all Alfa-Romeo cars, it was a complete conquest for these 1750-c.c.-engined machines on their handicap.

The race, however, has raised two important points which will have to be investigated and settled in regard to future road-races with standard sports-type cars. The first question is that it is very difficult on a course such as the Ards Circuit to handicap properly cars of widely different weights and horsepower rating. Actually, the Bentleys were exactly double the weight of the "Alfas." If the race had been run at Le Mans, on the Sarthe Circuit, I think either the Bentley or the Mercedes might have stood a better chance,

at the rate of 77.81 m.p.h. But only one or two laps were made at this high speed, so it is doubtful even with an improved car and larger supercharger whether he had a possible chance to

was allowed to differ from standard equipment. The German representative of the Mercedes-Benz factory maintained that the larger supercharger came within the carburettor alteration rules. The Club official ruled otherwise. Consequently, this point will have to go to the highest tribunal, the Commission Sportive of the International Automobile Recognised Clubs sitting in Paris, on which every country is represented. The delegate of the Automobile Club of Germany will have to lay the matter before this committee. Even if the Germans do not care to press the matter any further, it is equally necessary to have the question settled once and for all, as it is sure to crop up again with some other car fitted with a supercharger, especially as these "blowers" are getting more generally adopted. I may be entirely wrong, but if I were asked whether I considered a car fitted with a forced draught to its induction-pipes part of the carburation system, I should reply "Yes." If you are allowed to alter the carburettor, I can see no harm or breaking of rules by altering the supercharger as well. I shall be glad to see this matter thoroughly thrashed out and settled.



"THE GOLDEN DRAGON": THE LATEST MULLINER SPORTS SALOON MOUNTED ON A 25-H.P. DAIMLER CHASSIS.

The coachwork being painted "gold scintilla" and black, the car has been named "the Golden Dragon." Messrs. Arthur Mulliner are building kindred bodies for Messrs. Stratton Instone, of Pall Mall, and these will form the "Dragon" series. It will be possible to see the cars in Pall Mall.

win. He said that he had not, but "jockeys" do not always know they are going to ride a winner,

although they are always trying to be first past the post. Consequently, it has become doubtful whether it would not be wiser to alter the regulations so as to give the larger cars a more equal chance against the very small but swift ones. The other question raised is in regard to the supercharger. The Mercedes-Benz car to be driven by Caracciola was disqualified because the stewards of the Club read the regulations in regard to permissible alterations from the standard product

sold to the public to mean that the supercharger was not a part of the carburettor. The latter

Governor Fisher, of Pennsylvania, has signed a Proclamation fixing the period of Sept. 15 to Oct. 31 for the 1930 motor-vehicle equipment inspection campaign in Pennsylvania. During this period all



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especially on a fine day. Unfortunately, Caracciola's "Merk" was disqualified by the R.A.C. before the race, as it was fitted with a bigger supercharger than the usual Mercedes cars of this type sold in England. Consequently, one did not see this "ace" of drivers chasing the Alfa-Romeo team, which might have hustled them to their destruction. However, when dining on the Thursday night previous to the race with Captain H. R. S. Birkin, who had Caracciola among his guests, the latter told me that he could not catch the Alfa-Romeos, with their ten minutes and one lap start, equal to nearly two laps. Also after the race, Caracciola, who was a spectator in the pits, stated to me that his car could never have won against the speed of nearly 71 miles an hour of the winner. His Mercedes-Benz would have had to average a speed of something nearer to 79 miles an hour to win.

This year Earl Howe drove Caracciola's Mercedes with left-hand steering, which won this T.T. race in 1929. Caracciola then averaged a speed of 72.82 miles an hour, only two miles an hour faster than the Alfa-Romeo winning car this year. Then Caracciola's fastest lap was



WHEN THE PRINCE DROVE TO THE OVAL TO SEE SOMETHING OF THE FINAL TEST MATCH: H.R.H. WITH HIS 4-LITRE BENTLEY CAR.

motor-vehicle owners in this State must submit their cars for an official inspection of brakes, lights, steering, and other equipment. The campaign is compulsory, and all members of the local motor traders' association who operate service stations are urged by their association to apply for appointment as official stations for the public to submit their vehicles for test and inspection. In English eyes this seems a wonderful way of giving business to the local trader. I cannot imagine our Ministry of Transport permitting the local garage service man to inspect and make a report of the vehicles in his vicinity. It did not work too well last year in Pennsylvania, as that Automobile Association states it will work in this matter in close harmony with the State Bureau of Motor Vehicles "to eliminate such evils as issuing windscreen stickers without requiring an inspection of the car; faulty or insufficient inspections; and inefficient stations. All official stations which did not observe the rules last year will be debarred this year."

Although this is not a perfect system of inspection, I thoroughly approve of

(Continued overleaf.)



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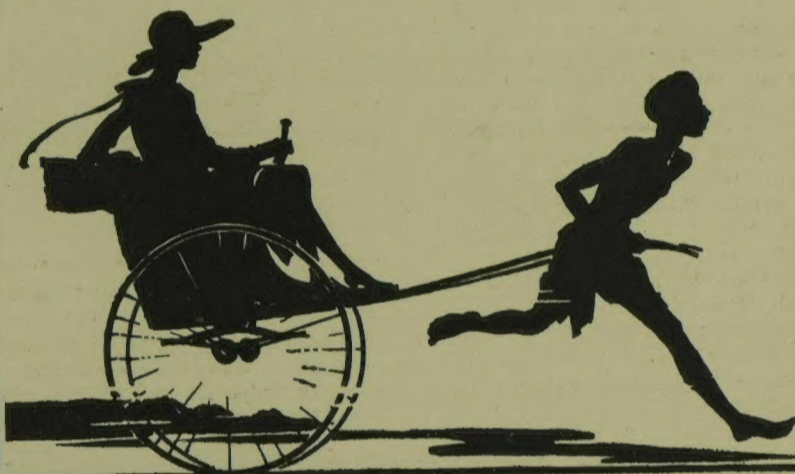
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(Continued.)

it as, while there may be a certain amount of "wangling," many more cars will be made safer to drive by this official overhaul. Some day I fancy the Minister of Transport will bring out a similar scheme. When he does, the members of the Motor Agents Association or the Institute of Transport will ask to have their garage service-depots appointed as official inspection stations. As I noted recently that the old forge at Cockington, near Torquay, has been purchased by an American to be shipped and re-erected in the U.S.A., we owe it to ourselves to get some sort of treasure from that country in exchange for our loss. Compulsory car-inspection is, at the moment, the most they can offer us. Not that the U.S.A. is wonderfully ahead of us in motor-traffic management, as recently the New Haven County Automobile Club (U.S.A.) has introduced and is testing out a system of traffic patrols with machines and telephones modelled on the system introduced in England by the Automobile Association in 1905.

A beautifully illustrated book of ninety-four pages has been issued by the Canadian Pacific describing the forthcoming round-the-world cruise by the *Empress of Australia*, which will leave Southampton on Nov. 14, and Monaco on Dec. 16, on her voyage to lands of enchantment in sunny climes, including many places off the beaten track. Copies of the book, which is "an education in itself," may be obtained free on application to the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

Royal Assent has just been given to an Act of Parliament empowering the Royal Exchange Assurance to undertake registration work of all sorts, and also to act as secretaries of public companies. Though, curiously enough, the Private Bill which has now become an Act of Parliament was drafted before the financial crisis of last autumn, it was the work which the Corporation undertook in connection with the Hatry Settlement Fund that finally convinced the Governors of the need for a special organisation to carry out registration work. Its creation should be of advantage to many companies.

FAMOUS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SHIPS WITH NAMESAKES IN THE NAVY.

(Continued from Page 404.)

far away to the northward, it was three weeks before she regained shelter, coming in with her first lieutenant dead, crew worn out with weariness, powder spoilt, beer brackish, and the ship leaking like a basket. Patched up, she took her share of hard knocks in the two battles of Schoonveld, and returned for refit; but the best of the shipwrights shook their heads—the worm and the hot sun of the South had taken too much of her. She was laid up, and then, after a few years, they wrote in the book, "cast as unserviceable," and slowly the mud and the weed covered her over.

The "Warspite."

A few days after the badly hammered fleet returned to harbour from the Four Days' Fight, there was launched from Mr. Johnson's yard, down Blackwall way, a sixty-six-gun ship which was christened *Warspite*. She was completed for sea with such expedition that she was able to make her appearance in the van of the Red Squadron on St. James's Day, there living up to her reputation. For the remainder of the war her work was chiefly with convoys and on detached duty; thus she escaped the shame of the Dutch bonfire in the Medway. At the breaking-out of the Third Dutch War, her first captain, Robert Robinson, again took command, and when, very early one May morning in '72, clear against the eastern sky there appeared a look-out frigate, with to'gallant sheets flying, coming in towards the fleet at anchor in Solebay, *Warspite*, with her squadron, was the first to slip and help to retrieve the surprisal. For his services that day her captain was knighted. Richard White, who succeeded Robinson, after surviving the first attempt to get de' Ruyter out of Schoonveld, was slain at the second throw of a dangerous game. A month later, at the Texel, the *Warspite* was in the

division which bore the brunt of the Dutch attack, later in the day being one of the few ships to follow in Rupert's wake to cover the sorely battered Blue Squadron. At Beachy Head and Barfleur she was to be seen in her appointed station. For the rest, she took her fair share of—the dreary watching and waiting, which was, and ever will be, the chief business of the Navy.

One of the first important Art sales of the present season is announced to take place at Ufford Place, Woodbridge, Suffolk, the residence of the late Mrs. Constance Brooke, on Monday, Sept. 15, and four following days. The illustrated catalogue, comprising over 1500 lots, includes many choice examples of English furniture dating from the Stuart period to the late eighteenth century. Notable items are a valuable set of Chippendale chairs (six small and two "arms") on carved cabriole legs, Chippendale settees, tables, and pole fire-screens with *petit-point* needlework panels, seventeenth-century cabinets, and other pieces from the Dowager Viscountess Wolseley's collection, Hampton Court Palace. Merely to enumerate some of the other interesting things in the sale indicates its wide variety of interest. Among them may be mentioned a Queen Anne lacquer cabinet, secretaire, and grandfather clocks; Queen Anne marqueterie chests; William and Mary tables and mirrors, seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry, fine examples of Eastern carpets and rugs, needlework and woven fabrics, including old *petit-point* pictures; Sheraton sideboard, tables and chairs, old oak cabinets and chests, Charles II. chairs, old French furniture, old leather and needlework screens, bracket clocks; Chinese, Continental, and English porcelain and pottery, sixteenth-century German brass alms-dishes, bronzes, antique silver, English eighteenth-century drinking glasses, pictures and drawings by old and modern artists, and old English colour-prints, as well as the complete appointments of the mansion. The auctioneers concerned are Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of St. James's Square, London.

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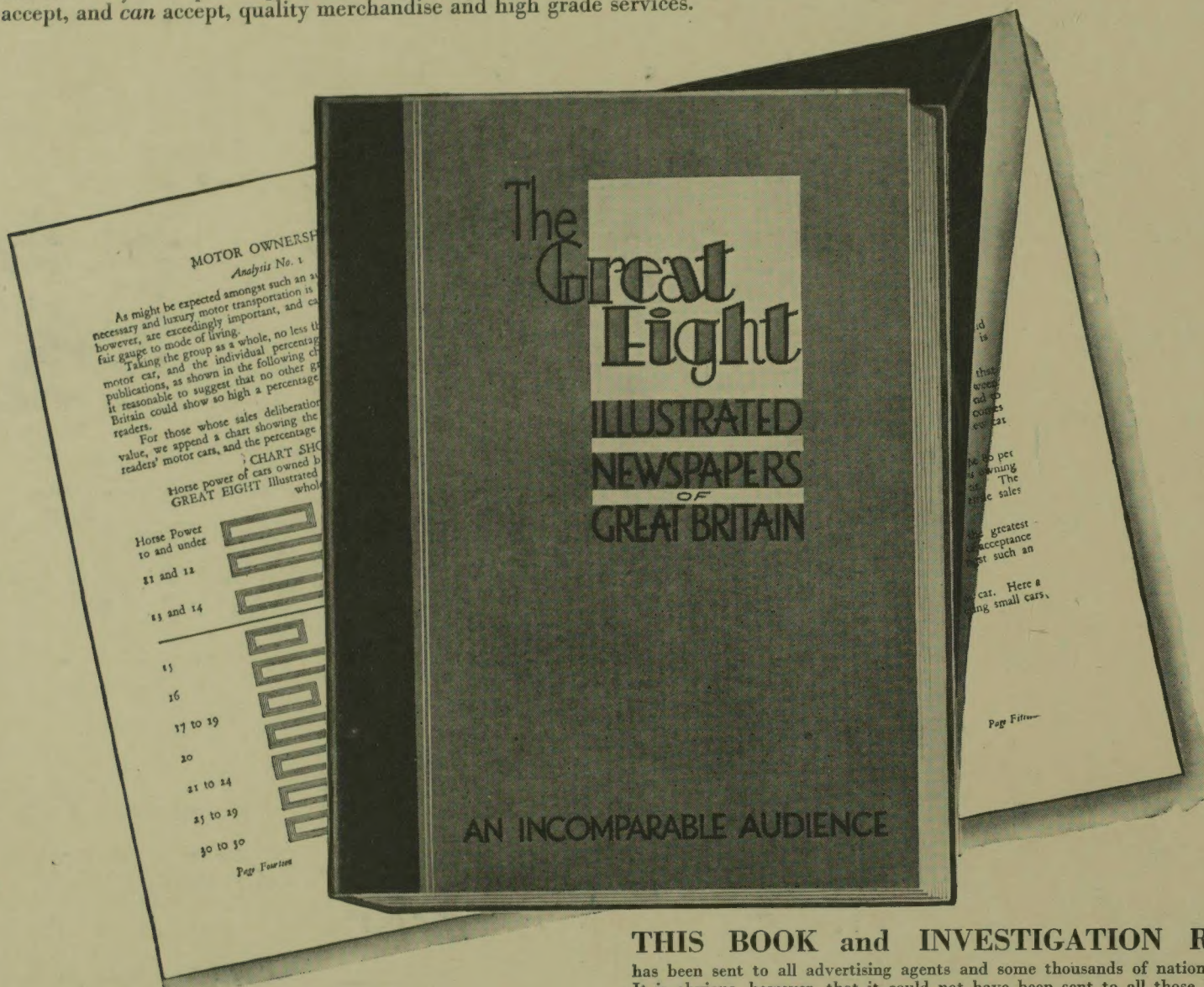
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